

The TATLER

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WELCOME HOME! MISS AMY JOHNSON, C.B.E.

Ruth Hollick

It is very fitting that the gallant lady who set up a world's record by being the first woman to make a solo flight from Croydon to Australia should return to her starting point from the air. At the time of going to press Miss Amy Johnson is due to arrive at Croydon on August 4 in an Armstrong-Siddeley twenty-seater air-liner. England has every reason to be proud of her intrepid daughter. This portrait was taken in Australia shortly before Miss Johnson sailed for home



SOMEWHERE IN IRELAND: MISS ESTER GREW

A visitor from America who is putting in her time at Ireland's leading pastime—riding. Miss Ester Grew is a niece of Mr. Pierpont Morgan

GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.1.

YOU remember the adage, my dear, that "handsome is as handsome does." This well describes Mrs. Billie Gladstone, who was one of the people to whom we were grateful for livening up London during the last week before Goodwood. She now lives in Holland Park in the house which the Northesks used to have; this made an admirable background to the party which she so thoughtfully gave in the garden, made most attractive with fountains, statues, and flagged paths between her blazing flower beds.

Unfortunately hospitality was not rewarded in her case, for she was taken ill at the eleventh hour, so her two pretty daughters, Mrs. Thirlwall Philipson and Mrs. Tennyson-d'Eyncourt, had to deputize in greeting gratified guests. Mrs. Philipson is the lucky possessor of a house at Le Touquet, a wedding present from her husband, and she is spending most of this summer over there. Mrs. d'Eyncourt and her two children have now joined her mother at the latter's beautiful house at Lulworth Cove. It stands high up on the cliff with a wonderful panorama of sea and sky.

*

Another party giver was Countess Anthony de Bosdari, who invited a collection of her amusing friends and stars of various descriptions to say good-bye to Ethel

The Letters of Eve



AT COWES: LORD JELlicoe AND MISS PAMELA CAYZER

Snapshotted ashore last week not far from the R.Y.S. Miss Pamela Cayzer is the elder daughter of Sir Herbert and Lady Cayzer, who have a house in Hampshire, Tylney House, Rotherwick



AT THE BEAUFORT PUPPY SHOW

Dennis Moss

Always one of the most interesting to hunting people of the before-the-cubbing functions. In the picture are Mr. Hart, the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, and Captain and Mrs. G. Hodgkinson and their little son. Captain Hodgkinson is Joint Master of the Mendip hounds. In the coming season the Duke of Beaufort will have as his Joint Master Mr. H. C. Cox, who is one of the founders of the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club. This is only the second time in the history of the Beaufort that there has been a Joint Master

Barrymore. This farewell took the form of what might be described as a combination of the now quite usual "Bottle Party" and what is known in provincial circles as a "Flannel Dance." The guests, all clad completely in white, arrived bearing bottles under their arms, and the resulting supply was obviously adequate for there was no sign of breaking up until quite late in the morning. The most noteworthy persons, besides the guest of honour, included Tallulah Bankhead, Ernest Thesiger, who is always good value at a party of this kind, and Serge Lifar. Ethel Barrymore has an amazing personality and many people in America rank her higher, as an artist, than her famous brother John.

Several other stars from the States have been brightening the end of the Season. The inscrutable Buster Keaton for one, and enchanting Marion Davies for another. Both of them live up to their screen reputation, and Marion Davies is delightfully unspoilt notwithstanding her looks, her talents, and her vast fortune. Did you know, by the way, that the famous Portes Dauphines were removed from Paris to make an entrance for her wonderful mansion at Hollywood?

The clubs, too, have been showing anything but a moribund spirit. The enterprising Toby's kept going even all through Goodwood week, with different attractions every night. And the International Sportsmen's Club (for which one would welcome a terser title) had a most amusing meeting in and round the swimming pool for its first water gymkhana. It was a triumphant success, both for the doughty dippers and the dense multitude of less amphibian watchers, many of whom had come straight on from Miss Diana Coke's wedding. Among them I noticed Lady Zia Wernher, to whom no sport comes amiss; Lady Coke, Lord and Lady Airlie with their daughters, and the Grand Duchess Kira of Russia, who is a very lovely girl. There was a *posse*, too, of the pretty Mitford sisters, and the Sultan of Johore had come to see what it was all about.

The diving, especially some of the women's diving, was marvelously expert, and several of the races were most amusing. Sir Charles Markham in the candle race, and putting up a good deal of overweight on Blenheim in the water Derby, was really a sight for the blind. But the *pièce de résistance* was the sea lion. He outbarked his *confrères* at the Zoo, juggled a ball at the end of his nose, caught dozens of fish thrown him by the spectators, and then plunged into the pool. After



Bae

A FERNIE GROUP

Taken at the Puppy Show at the kennels at Great Bowden, Market Harborough. Left to right: Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, Chairman of the Hunt Committee and Lord-Lieutenant of the County; Mrs. Edmonstone, wife of Captain A. C. Edmonstone, one of the Joint Masters; Lady Zia Wernher, the wife of Sir Harold Wernher, the Senior Joint Master; and Mr. Hancock, one of Leicestershire's biggest farmers, who still hunts with the Fernie although he is nearly eighty

swimming a length under water he then emerged as Mr. Rupert Mitford. The prizes were given away by Lady Cambridge, whose small girl of five summers has just learnt to swim and is a marvel for her size and age.

* * *

The result of the Round Europe Race was most heartening from a British point of view, the first three to finish being Englishmen. The ladies were not so successful, Lady Bailey and Miss Spooner being down the course. But to undertake a journey of 5,000 miles in the course of a week is a pretty good achievement in itself.

I like the way in which they start off without any fuss or bother, knowing little of what is in store for them except for the certainty of a good deal of discomfort. Once having visited practically every European country in seven days all ordinary forms of transport must seem paralytic.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Butler hardly ever go by train or motor-car. She is as good a pilot as he, and will take a tour over the Alps during an afternoon without a moment's hesitation. This from St. Moritz, which they reached last winter via Basle, where skids were fitted to their machine in place of wheels so that they might land on the lake at their destination.

You would think that ski-ing might seem very slow after the multiple hazards of the Alpine air, but Mr. and Mrs. Butler are quite unspoilt, and enjoy the more earthly pleasures as much as anyone.

* * *

I have always respected the scorn with which Scottish people treat the storms that long to rain over them—and frequently do. Further evidence of this admirable weatherproof quality was provided on the opening day of the Highland Show, where, despite day-long delugings, more people materialized than at last year's gathering at Alloa. The ground was a quagmire, and even passing Newmarkets and Wellingtons found a difficulty in extricating

(Continued on p. 238)



AT THE CLONMEL SHOW

A snapshot in the show grounds last week of (left to right) Madame Guillon, Miss Dorothy Musgrave, who has been Master of the West Waterford Hounds for three seasons, and Mrs. Villiers-Stuart, the wife of a former Master of the West Waterford



LORD AND LADY GLANUSK

At the very successful Vale of Usk casting competition which they recently organized. Lord Glanusk's seat is Glanusk Park, near Crickhowell. He retired as a major in the Grenadier Guards after the War, in which he was wounded twice. Lady Glanusk is a daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Frank Dugdale and of Lady Eva Dugdale who is a Woman of the Bedchamber to the Queen



Vickers

AT THE KIPPEN HIGHLAND GATHERING

Sir Steven Bilsland of Garden, Buchlyvie, Stirlingshire, and the famous landscape artist, Sir David Cameron, who has a house at Kippen, Stirlingshire

the possibility of purchasing anything from a traction engine to a yard of tweed was suggested.

Scotland being the forcing house for good gardeners, concentrations of horticultural aristocrats were to be expected. But you'll hardly believe it when I tell you that in the garden which surrounded the lady members' stand were pear trees and apple trees complete with fruit.

The business of distinguishing one mackintosh-clad form from another presented some difficulty, but Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Corbett were to be seen among the crowd of indefatigable waders. Mrs. Lumsden of Arden was with the Woodlea party, and Colonel Norman Kennedy of Doonholm and his wife watched the judging of the Aberdeen Angus classes, and had the satisfaction of getting a reserve championship with Madeira of Doonholm.

The Duke of Buccleuch, to whom the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland owes so much, was there of course, and exchanged criticisms on the various entries with Mr. Ernest Kerr and Sir Hugh Shaw-Stewart. I hear that at a members' meeting of the society on the following day the Duke made a most excellent speech, and urged that farmers should not wait for a lead in combating agricultural depression, but should assert their independence and tackle the question themselves. He also announced that the Prince of Wales had consented to be President of next year's centenary show which opens at Edinburgh on June 23.

I mentioned criticism just now and I'm going to revert to it in connection with the trials for cricket supremacy which beset us this summer. Communal singing has much to recommend it, but I think we could dispense with the communal mud-slinging at the selectors as well as at various England players which occurs every time we do not win a Test match. As regards the former, they certainly would not have been chosen as supreme arbitrators had not their qualifications marked them as the best possible men for this very difficult task.

As far as the players are concerned, people seem to forget that though we live in a mechanical age Test cricketers are still only human beings and that it is physically impossible for them perpetually to produce super-robotic qualities. Everyone is entitled to his own opinion as to who should be selected to play for England, but my contention is that we need not rush so recklessly into print about it, nor exhibit signs of hysteria when expectations of spectacular scores and bowling feats are not realized. The cause of it all is only a game, and though I am a fervent champion of England's chances of ultimate victory, need we put on sackcloth even if we do lose the Ashes?

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Goodwood started rather inauspiciously, with sunny and rainy intervals and a gale of wind. However, once in the stand we were more or less sheltered from the latter, which was blowing from the sea, dimly visible across the plain.

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond and their house-party, in which their family was well represented by Lord and Lady March, Lady Amy Coats, and Lady Doris Vyner, were in their balcony box, the Duke being perpetually surrounded by his many friends. He had celebrated the reappearance of his own racing colours on his own course after a long interval of years by having yellow badges barred with scarlet for the private stand.

As all the usual racing people were there practically *en masse*, I will take them for granted and pass on to further supporters, after telling you that the other Sussex duke, the Duke of Norfolk, was there with his sister, Lady Rachel Howard, and a big party from Arundel. Mrs. Norman Holden always entertains quantities of guests in her box and in her big luncheon-room just beneath it. This year her party at Norton Priory included her son-in-law and her pretty daughter, Mrs. Baillie-Hamilton, the Cunliffe-Owens, and Mr. Evan Morgan, to whom racing now appeals almost as much as it does to his wife.

Among those who provided the eye with a present prospect on the first day were Lady Moira Combe and Mrs. Philipson; Mrs. du Boulay and her daughter Angela; Mrs. Inigo Freeman-Thomas; and Miss Vivi Inglis. I was glad to see Mrs. Roundell, Sir Mathew Wilson's popular sister, looking so much better again after her long illness.

Lady Zouche was not to be seen, but her husband, Sir Frederick Frankland, and their elder son brought the Loxwood party. Mr. "Dods" Frankland, by the way, has just been appointed A.D.C. to the G.O.C. the Western Command, and goes to Chester in October; meanwhile he is spending as much time as possible in the air, having caught the flying fever badly. Sir Gordon Carter came with the Petwood House party, and one or two other familiar faces that I noticed belonged to Baron Frankie de Tuyl, Lord Kilmorey, Lord Durham, and Lord Valentia. The latter was again decorated with the three buds of orange-blossom to which he is prone; a strange but attractive conceit.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dennis brought a small party for the first three days' racing, before leaving for Gleneagles Hotel, where they purpose to play strenuous golf for a month.—EVE.

A Correction.

We regret that on p. 206 of last week's issue Mrs. T. A. Watt was inadvertently described as Miss Cavendish-Bentinck, her maiden name. The Duke of Portland's niece was married to Mr. Watt in April.



CAPTAIN THE HON. INIGO AND MRS. FREEMAN-THOMAS

On Goodwood Stakes day at a meeting which was not peculiarly glorious where the weather was concerned. Mrs. Freeman-Thomas is Sir Johnston and Lady Forbes-Robertson's daughter and her husband is Lord Willingdon's only surviving son

Other photographs of Goodwood Races will appear in next week's issue



Bertram Park, Dover Street

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK

T.R.H.'s the Duke and Duchess of York are now at Glamis, the historic seat of the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, the parents of H.R.H. the Duchess. The Duke of York went north more or less recently, but the Duchess and their daughter, the little Princess Elizabeth, had been there for some time previously, and all the Duchess' public engagements were cancelled some time ago. In January of last year a little nephew was born, the son of the Hon. Michael and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon, who were married in 1928. As Miss Betty Cator, the Hon. Mrs. Michael Bowes-Lyon was one of the bridesmaids at the wedding of T.R.H.'s the Duke and Duchess of York in 1923



The Cinema : By JAMES AGATE At the Plaza

THIS is an extraordinarily rum world as I now propose to show. In the autumn of 1924 there was produced at the Queen's Theatre, a play by Mr. George Kelly, called *The Show-Off*. Concerning this play, and in another place, I wrote the following to which I venture to call the reader's attention in view of what has happened since. This is what I wrote: "Hurrah! At last a good piece from America. This, in my humble opinion, is easily the best thing of the week. It is a simple, ruthless, quietly amusing *exposé* of the 'show-off,' or 'swank,' as we should say. The charm of this piece is its perfect truth to life, in which it resembles those paintings of Dutch interiors. I do not know any test for light comedy before which it would fail. It even answers the test of reason! The story is probable, the characters are entirely natural, so that you feel that you are in the room with real people. And people, too, who are *all of one family*. How often has one not seen a brother who could not possibly have belonged to that sister who, in turn, could not have been the daughter of those two parents who could never have chosen each other. The dialogue is taut and spare, and always exactly what the characters would say in the circumstances. Even such apparent loose threads as 'Shut that door; you know mother doesn't like a draught!' serve to create and fix the atmosphere of the family. To the jaded theatre-goer it is an intense relief to hear people living in a small house discuss, not the wild flutterings of their impossibly romantic hearts, but the things which really make for perturbation—the question of ways and means, the extravagance of that new winter overcoat, and that party-frock which must be saved up for. Miss Clara Blandick gives such a fine picture of good-hearted asperity that she hardly seems to be acting at all. But the entire cast is perfect." Now, what happened? What, let me ask rhetorically, does the reader think happened? I will tell the reader. It was a complete abysmal, horrific, and horripilating failure, and it was reported that on each night of its short run Sir Alfred Butt cried himself to sleep. Or if it was not Sir Alfred Butt who presented it, then some other guileless soul, for only so can that mutt be described who takes a delicious slice of real life and tries to get the British public to cotton to it. Miss Clara Blandick left this country in tears, and I should not be surprised to hear that she echoed Mme. Karen Branson's farewell apostrophe to the Dover cliffs: "I quit you wiz despise!" But judge of my astonishment when strolling the other evening into the Plaza I saw and heard the adorable Clara reproducing on the screen the lovely performance which she gave six years ago at the Queen's Theatre. What did not astonish me was that the crowded house, in which I had the greatest difficulty in finding a seat, lapped up this film with a zest equal to that with which London play-goers had disdained the play. I began by saying it was a rum world. It is, and if I repeat the sentiment it is because I know that if Clara Blandick and the whole company were to appear at the Queen's Theatre to-morrow no film-goer would dream of going to see them.

People are apt to talk as though the moment the cinema came along theatrical audiences poured themselves *en bloc* into the cinemas instead of into the theatres. It is time that we all began to realize that cinema audiences are not and never have been made up of theatre-goers. And I will go so far as to say that if you promised the cinema managers of London that in future all theatre-goers would give up the theatre and become film-goers they would hardly trouble to thank you. If every seat in each of London's forty theatres was occupied at every performance throughout the year, the number of people to be accommodated would still fall short of 20,000,000! London contains

7,000,000 inhabitants, which means that if everybody in London tried to get into the theatre no single person could go more than three times in any one year. Now take some cinema figures. Some years ago the Parliamentary Commission on the cinema published an account of its activities. In this volume it was stated that *twelve years ago* the number of people in the British Isles who visited the cinema in one year was 1,078,000,000. Divide that by fifty, which is the population of the British Isles, and you will find that every person must have visited the cinema twenty-one times in a year. Taking into consideration the enormous advance in cinema-going during the last twelve years, I suppose we may take it that every person in these islands does actually visit the cinema thirty or even forty times a year. Whereas the poor London play-goer at best can only visit his theatre three times a year.

The reasons for the popularity of the cinema are not far to seek. They are four. Cheapness, comfort, admirable vision, and perfect audibility. How and where, with two-and-ninepence in your pocket to lay out on entertainment, would you spend that sum? It is not so long since at Covent Garden Opera House I paid 18s. for a seat from which I swear that I could not see one-eighth of the stage. In fact, if I leaned back comfortably, as one having laid out 18s. is entitled to do, I could only see the top of Herod's throne and the tip of Salomé's seventh veil. What they were doing on the floor I have no notion. And as for the head of John the Baptist, I never saw it at all. Whether this theatre was designed to make opera moral for the gallery while the stalls do the gloating is not the point. The point is that I saw only one-eighth of the stage. Covent Garden, in my view, owes me good-eighths of 18s., plus a sum to recompense me for the chagrin of an evening thrown away. I remember another theatre, though I forget its name, in which throughout an entire evening I never saw, at one and the same time, the principal character's head or boots. Either the head was cut off by the proscenium or the boots were occluded by the ledge of the gallery, so that all I saw was Mr. Norman McKinnel's middle! I consider, therefore, that the management of that theatre still owes me half of two shillings. And so it goes on. It is obviously unnecessary to say anything about the film's superior vision. People who sit

habitually in the stalls can have no notion of what in a large theatre actors look like from the back of the upper-circle. Acting, in the modern sense of the word, is almost entirely a matter of distance. Put me and Henry Irving into the middle of the Wembley Stadium, forbid field-glasses and telescopes, and there is really nothing between us except that I am fatter and shorter. Place any actor at the end of one of Mr. Tolley's drives and he ceases to exist. Even the Greeks knew this for though their actors were less than a full niblick-shot away from the audience they mounted them on stilts and made them wear masks. The cinema has conquered all that. It has scored another triumph in the matter of audibility. Less than a year ago Mr. E. V. Lucas was talking about "the bellowings of sea-lions." I invite him to see *Men Are Like That*, the film-version of *The Show-Off*, at the Plaza, and say whether he has ever heard better or more natural diction from the living player. The evening was rounded off with *The Texan*, a good cowboy tale adapted from O. Henry and featuring that good player, Mr. Gary Cooper. I did not care for the heroine of this film whose face appeared to be composed entirely of blotting-paper.



Don English

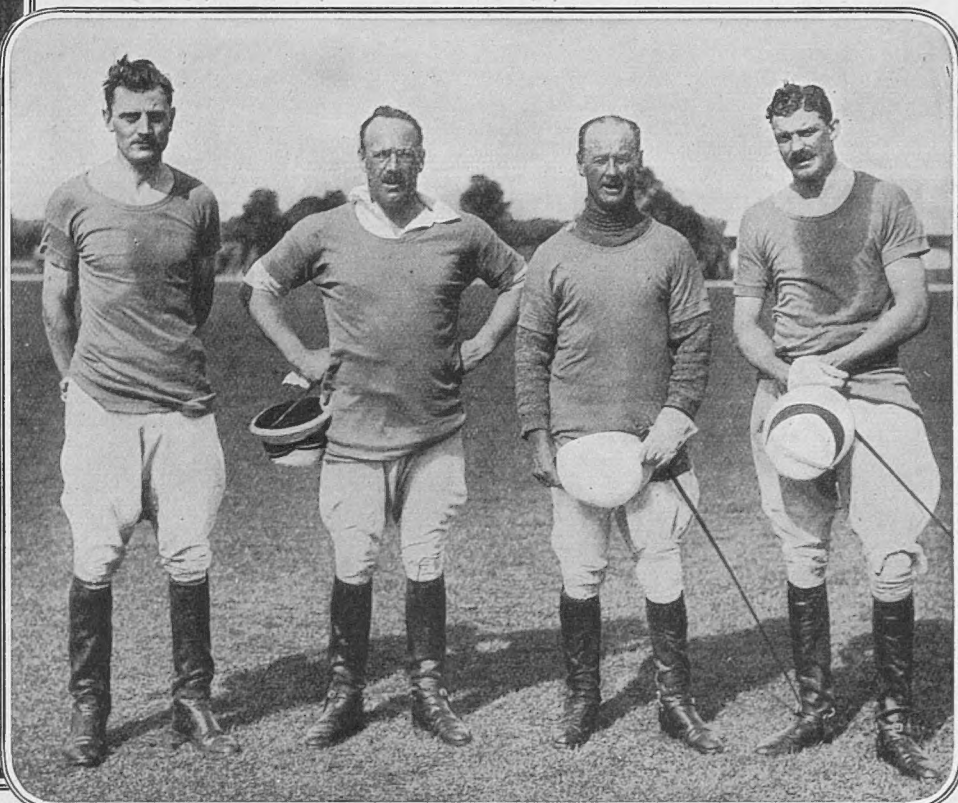
UP TO HER NECK IN IT: FRANCES DEAN

The young film actress who has been selected to play opposite lead to Maurice Chevalier in his latest film. One of his latest is "The Little Café." It followed his big success, "The Love Parade"



CHRISTENING THE HOLFORD CUP: MRS. C. H. TREMAYNE, WIFE OF THE BRIDGE HOUSE SKIPPER

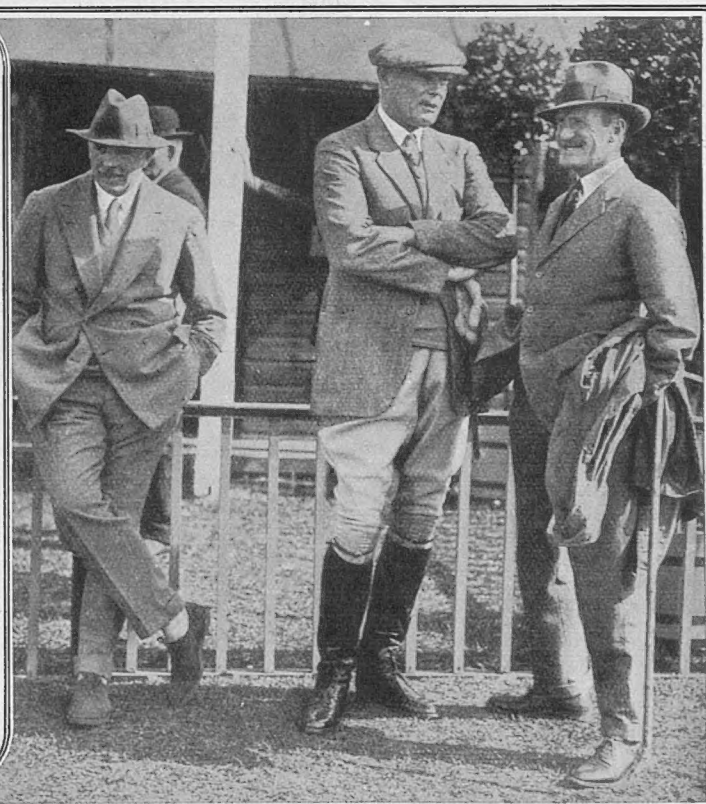
AT THE BEAUFORT HUNT POLO CLUB



THE WINNERS—THE BRIDGE HOUSE TEAM: CAPTAIN A. W. M. S. PILKINGTON, CAPTAIN C. H. TREMAYNE, CAPTAIN R. R. SMART, AND MR. H. P. GUINNESS



THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT AND THE GREYS TEAM: MR. A. G. MARTYN, MR. G. R. TROTTER, MR. W. P. CONNAL, AND MR. R. L. FINDLAY (one not in picture)



LIEUT.-COLONEL E. BRASSEY, LIEUT.-COLONEL V. A. S. KEIGHLEY (THE UMPIRE), AND LIEUT.-COLONEL C. E. TURNER

All these pictures at England's biggest and best polo centre, the Beaufort Hunt Polo Club at Norton Wells, were taken on the day that Captain C. H. Tremayne's Bridge House team won the Holford Challenge Cup, beating Lake House (+1½) 8 to 6½, and the Greys (+7½) won the Junior Cup, beating Combe Farm, in which the Duke of Beaufort played No. 1, by 9½ to 5. The Duchess of Beaufort presented the cups, and behind her in the picture is Major T. J. Longworth, the hon. sec. B.H.P.C., and who has worked so hard to make these magnificent grounds as good as they are. These games were the last that England's skipper, Captain C. H. Tremayne, played in England, as he and the International team are now on the way to the theatre of war in America for that great International battle for the Westchester Cup—an unlovely but greatly prized trophy

RACING RAGOUT : By "GUARDRAIL"

RACING at Hurst Park was a triumph for Stephen Donoghue, whose effort on Clove Hitch to beat Unlikely a short head was as good a race as he has ever ridden, and though it undid a good many people's "banco" for the week, one couldn't grudge it on such a performance.



AT GOODWOOD: THE HON. MRS. ARTHUR CRICHTON AND LORD ERNE

On Stewards' Cup Day when the Aga added this race to his already big score, Le Phare, who is not French bred, winning at 100 to 6. The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Crichton is Lord Erne's aunt

going abroad as a stallion, but perhaps they are going to play the May game with him and run him over hurdles or even fences.

Goodwood never seems to have the blazing hot weather that such a meeting ought to have, and the beach suiting one always takes to one's seaside resort goes back as dry as ever. These seaside resort hotels at which one stops for the four days show what a hardy and easily satisfied person the British summer holiday-maker must be to stand the 10 per cent. allowance of bathroom, greasy waiters, and chilly food provided. Golf on the Goodwood course, or watching the polo at Cowdray saves one the dreary view of a battleship-grey sea which only seems to approach English shores during racing hours. One may leave on the fourth day pink-cheeked and healthy, but pallid putrescence in comfort would seem preferable. The "English Lido" in This Year of Grace was underdrawn. On Tuesday it was blowing half a gale when we got there, and the other half arrived when we'd been there an hour, taking with it a gent's soft Colorado Claro hat from the members which carried Tattersalls and, landing on the green, lay dead in one.

Even at the risk of being thought to plagiarize the journalistic stunt in "Vile Bodies," one cannot pass over the subject of hats without mention of the blue bowler worn by the head of one of

Clove Hitch had got loose in the paddock and given Donoghue a heavy fall, but neither of the pair seemed upset in the race, and the absolute artistry of his judgment and finish left Gordon Richards, good jockey as he is, completely outclassed. Three of Lord Woolavington's cast-offs were sold after the race and it was sad to see such a fine up-standing horse as Defoe by Hurry On—Daughter in Law bring himself to this pass through his own duck-hearted fault. He looks like making a champion premium horse or

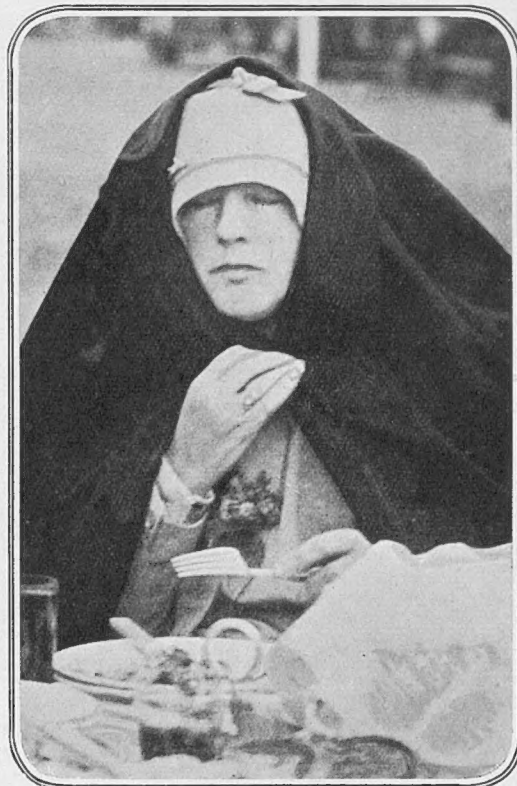
our largest department stores. For those who wish to follow this fashion, it must be stated that it is no electric blue but more the Prussian blue effect, to be obtained by cleaning Mr. Bert Rich's grey bowler with Stephen's best blue black. Despite the wind and threatening weather, the crowd was larger than usual, and the tents under the trees were at a premium for lunch, more especially the Bucks Club tent, where McGarry looked like getting a tennis elbow shaking cocktails. The practice, started last year, of allowing a certain number of ladies into the members' enclosure has become very popular—with the ladies—and hundreds of applications for badges had to be refused. The members huddled into their little roped-off space in the stand, comfort themselves with the thought that it saves them carrying hundreds of bets from the gate where these unfortunate ladies had to wait before, but there is no doubt the stand is hardly designed for the present numbers.

The going is almost invariably perfect at Goodwood, and in consequence quite large and good-class fields turn up to race for each other's money and a gamble against a strong market. How nearly did Sir Warden Chilcot and Marcus Marsh bring off a long shot in the first race with Old Herkie, whose effort was timed a second too late. The Stewards' Cup was yet another big race for the invincible Aga Khan with Le Phare, who just beat the badly-drawn Fleeting Memory and Songe. To You got shut in at the start, and never had a chance to use his brilliant speed, while old Oak Ridge with all his weight set a rare gallop for five furlongs. Songe now goes to the stud, and a beautiful horse he should make, there being no better looking one in the field.

Windybrae was always fighting a losing battle against Lindos Ojos, who won the Ham Stakes very easily after report had it that she was lame in the paddock. Four Course, on the other hand, had a hard race to beat Disarmament at only 10 lb. with the rest beaten out of sight, which shows that the latter, a very good-looking one, has made a lot of improvement.

The starter has often a long way to ride during the day and very frequently he isn't provided with the most comfortable conveyance, but it must be admitted Harold Field did him to rights with two horses, on one of which, a skewbald, late the property of Captain de Pret, he was the cynosure of all eyes. On a Cesarewitch day the starter will ride eight or ten miles during the afternoon, and with his exacting and responsible job it is a tiring life. Who ever notices a good start? Who ever fails to remark on a bad one?

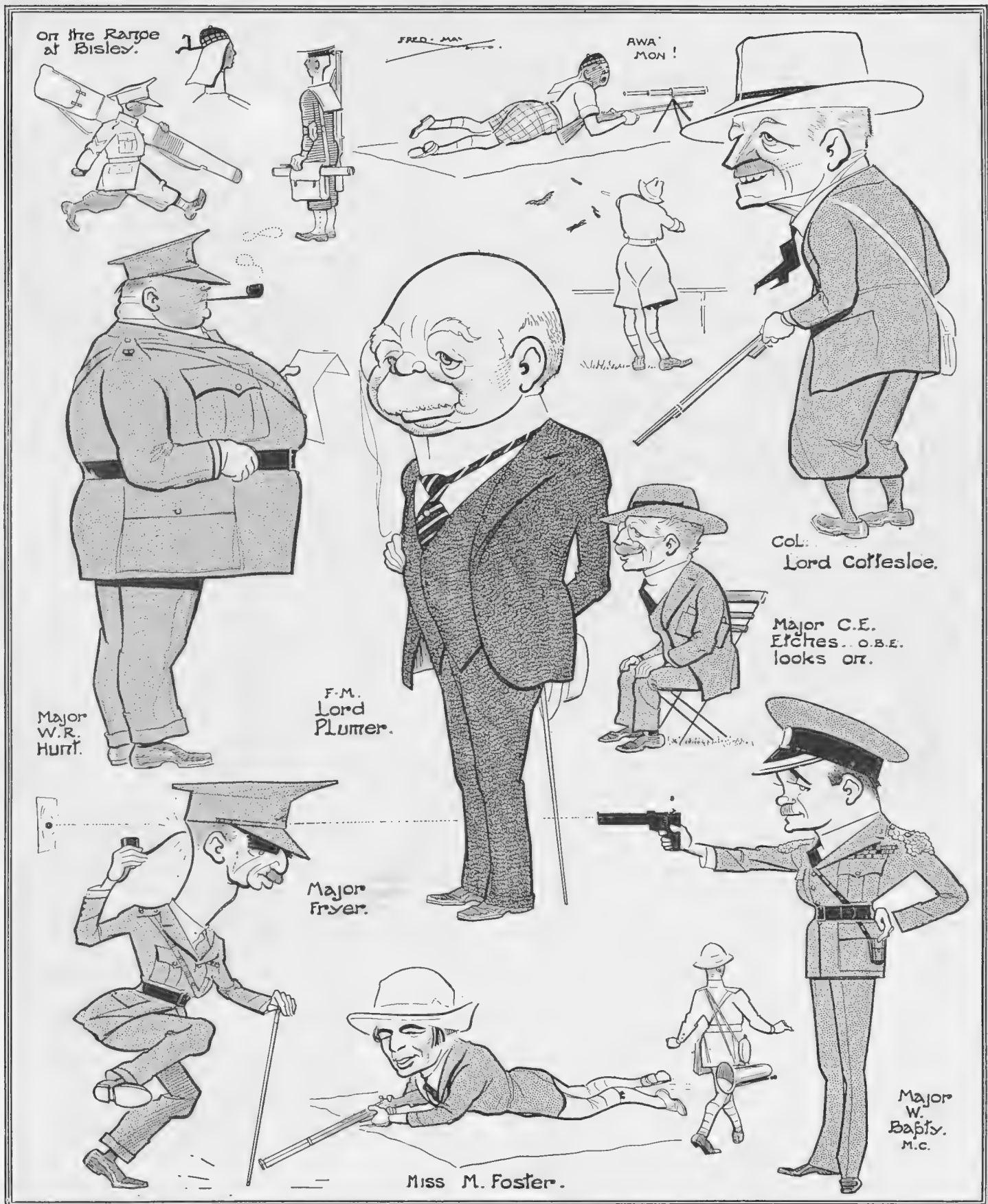
Appearing as this does just before the departure of the polo team for America, we wish them the best of luck and a return with the Cup.



GLORIOUS GOODWOOD!

Mrs. Longworth, one of the many who had to have an amphibious lunch. Things were not so bad as they were at Ascot, but the weather never managed to behave itself for very long at a time

A BACK-FIRE OF BISLEY



A FEW RICOCHETS—BY FRED MAY

Although a bit belated, all these caricatures of famous people at this year's Bisley are right on the target and in some cases plumb in the middle of the bull, F.-M. Lord Plumer in particular. It is the first time in the history of this meeting, and of its predecessor at Wimbledon, that a woman has won the King's Prize, and well did Miss Marjorie Foster deserve her victory. She is what is known as a natural shot and has had a flair for it from her very earliest years. Her score was 280, and she made possibles at 200, 500, and 600 yards. The weather made for good shooting and the visibility reports were favourable on the whole

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

The Universal Link.

MOST people live terribly circumscribed lives. One might consider it to be a tragedy did not the vast majority of them unconsciously glory in the fact. I have known women so engrossed in their families that absolutely nothing which did not affect their families ever really affected them. A far commoner bore, however, is the person who has a secret contempt for members of any social class not belonging to, or above, his own. Beyond the limited circle of his caste he has no human comprehension. Such people irritate me, personally, above all others. They reserve the good manners which should be common to all humanity entirely for their equals or, peradventure, those who, on the strength of some silly symbolism, they imagine to be even superior to themselves. For those who are not as they are their manner is despotic, vulgarly arrogant. What they gain by their self-glorification I know not. What they lose is incalculable. It is so much nicer to go through life smiling and being smiled at than to stalk through it having to buy all those little pleasant attentions which otherwise cost nothing at all, yet mean so much. At least these people only buy their counterfeit in hard cash, and go on buying it. The poorest bargain. What they pay for can, nevertheless, be had free of all charge for a friendly smile and a kindly interest, which, in parenthesis, is more a pleasant duty than otherwise. But they are too selfish and pompous and self-satisfied to perceive it. They lose, however, one of the charms of being alive—which is the charm of being loved, of being served by friendship, of knowing that wherever you go people are ready and willing to make your sojourn pleasant simply because they like you and feel, in spite of artificial barriers, that you also are one of them. The simple and the kindly may not inherit the world—in the narrow Stock Exchange sense—but they do inherit the bigger, wider, happier world which is the amusing, interesting brotherhood of man. The most grievous afflictions from which the world has suffered, does suffer, and I'm afraid will always suffer, is petty intolerance, petty proselytism, and the huge army of petty Mussolinis. Usually they all go together, and humanity is vexed and irritated and persecuted because of them. They pour out of the better-class night-club screaming for taxi-drivers. They sit in suburban villas spitting fire at old charwomen. They are enthroned in managerial rooms harrying their subordinates. They leave cross-Channel steamers in battalions on a tour of critical inspection of foreign parts. They visit the happier lands as yet untainted by Western civilization to "convert" the heathen. They have only one "call." It is the "call" to themselves and the symbol they represent. Those who are not as they are, are at best—entertainment; in general—to be either browbeaten or rudely ignored. They will never realize that in this life, thank goodness, it always costs a lot of money to be rude and get away with it. To obtain the best out of people costs nothing—only kindness and consideration and understanding. The world reflects your own attitude towards it clearer than a mirror. It is, however, just about the last lesson which many of us ever learn, and most of us die without having an inkling of its truth. But it is true nevertheless. Far truer than most of the platitudes and more than half the illuminated texts.

India as She Probably Is.

After reading Francis Yeats-Brown's absorbing autobiography, "Bengal Lancer" (Gollancz. 9s.), I am left wondering if there would even have been a pressing India problem had more men of his intellectual and spiritual calibre represented English authority in the East. Even as a young man, when he first went out to India, he apparently had none of the pompous arrogance of one from a conquering country. He did his duty as a soldier, but apart from this duty he at once began sympathetically to try to understand Indian ideals, Indian religions, India's attitude towards the modern world; to study the past of the country and to absorb its philosophies. His curiosity was never idle, nor was it idly expressed. He sought to mix with representative Indians and those other Indians with whom he came in personal contact, not so much as one of themselves—that is impossible, and often an impertinence—but as one who desired above all things to meet them on the common level of humanity striving in a thousand directions to attain the self-same goal. Before very long he fell under the spell of India's mystic gods. With his sympathies and mind attuned to

this desire, he wonders towards the end of the book if "it be my work to tell the West a little of what may be discovered there, and how Christ Himself threw the light of His divinity upon the truths that were known in the childhood of the Vedas?" As an Appendix to his book he gives us a deeply interesting exposition of Yoga which explains the mystery of that faith, or philosophy—call it what you will—clearer than anything I have ever read. One passage perhaps demonstrates it clearest of all: "The Hindus have never held that matter is some inert outside substance. It is a commonplace with them that the body is an aspect of the mind. God is life. Life is God. Yoga is an orderly and objective process of self-realization; the handmaid of religion, not a religion in itself." Yet, quite apart from what I will call the writer's spiritual pilgrimage in search of the deeper meanings of life and death, the book is packed with a number of interesting descriptions of polo, pig-sticking, fighting on the Western front and in Mesopotamia, imprisonment in a Turkish prison, and the author's escape therefrom. This latter a thrilling and dramatic episode. Yet, throughout all these what I will call mundane adventures and interests, there is also woven the thread of the writer's leaning towards the mystic; a thread

which eventually becomes almost the whole pattern of his inner existence. This story of his life is not only totally unlike any other soldier's autobiography which I have ever read, but it is exceptionally well

(Continued on p. 246)



THE VERY REV. ALBERT BAILLIE,
DEAN OF WINDSOR

By Autori

The Very Rev. Albert Baillie has been Dean of Windsor since 1917 and was a chaplain to H.M. the King in the same year. He married the Hon. Constance Hamilton-Russell, a daughter of the late Viscount Boyle, in 1898. He was Hon. Canon of Worcester from 1906 to 1917

"COME FILL THE CUP . . ."

By George Belcher



The Mournful One: Evenin's is a-drarin' in, ain't they?

Bright Old Thing: Wot's the odds, I sez, so long as there's corks to be a-drarin' out. Pass yer glass and don't be so 'umpy!

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

written. It combines the virtue of a vivid description of an interesting and varied life with the revelation of the author's hidden existence—those inner experiences which are by far the more important in the dual lives which we all must lead. Almost anybody can write of his life's story, but the story is only profound when it combines with it the story of that life's secret quest. It is this uncommon quality which makes "Bengal Lancer" among the most interesting books which have been published this year.

* * *

A Story Beautifully Told.

The genius of Maurice Baring has seldom been more clearly revealed than in his new novel, "Robert Peckham" (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.). Here you have a story of the sixteenth century told without any of those theatrical literary trappings with which most writers seek to create a bygone period—and usually fail. It is a genuine *tour de force*. The story is a charming one, too. It tells of a young man who—in love with a girl who tries to make herself and others believe that she is by nature called to the religious life—falls in love with another woman after his first love had left him to enter a convent in Bruges. But the convent life was not for Mary after all. Within a short time she returns to England and practically makes Robert fulfil his

promise to marry her while subtly inferring that she has released him from that promise. Joan (the girl Robert has grown to love), however, seeing that he belongs to Mary, precipitates matters by marrying another man. Yet these two, Robert and Joan, love each other. Living their lives apart, Robert with Mary, Joan with a husband she cannot love, only helps to increase their devotion. As a background to this romance you have the religious turmoil of the sixteenth century—the Reformation, followed by the reign of Queen Mary, followed by the death struggle between Queen Elizabeth and Mary Queen of Scots. Robert, always a devout Catholic, is torn between his allegiance to his Faith and his allegiance to his father, a man who valiantly tries to serve his monarch while striving to be loyal to his Church, and is only saved from falling between two stools by his personal loyalty to both. So that at last, finding no rest for his religion in Elizabethan England, Robert goes to live in Rome, only to die there "because he could not live apart from his country." The charm of the novel is indescribable. Yet I realize that it is not to everybody's taste. It will please most of all those who like to read an interesting story but are charmed by how that story is related. The prose of Maurice Baring has that simplicity about it which is the most difficult literary achievement in the world. It has rarely been more beautifully shown than in his latest book.

* * *

Half Tract, Half Truth.

"The Road to Buenos Ayres" (Constable. 7s. 6d.), by Albert Londres, translated by Eric Sutton, is, on its feminine side, rather like the reflection of Miss Sackville-West's Society ladies. Both are after money, with love as a pleasant afterthought. M. Londres' book, however, is about the White Slave Traffic as it applies to the Argentine—the earthly paradise of White "Slaves." Disguised as a story of one man's experiences and investigations, it is really a description of how the traffickers work and how the "trafficked-in" live. I don't know whether the Moral Crusaders will approve of it or disapprove. Disapprove probably. Yes, certainly—*disapprove!*

For it shows the hopelessness of dangling before a girl's eyes any "honest" living when she can make herself so quickly financially independent by leading a reprehensible one. The popular picture of a white-slave trafficker is usually some wretched man or woman oozing evil and depravity. The real traffickers are apparently simple, quiet men of business with whom, meeting in a railway carriage, you might begin a conversation apropos of the recent Festival of Religious Music as a likely subject. The trafficked-in is usually presented as an ignorant, innocent girl being drugged and kidnapped, brow-beaten and bullied. M. Londres' picture is of a level-headed young woman who knows quite well what she is doing, but prefers to face a future of financial independence to one of equal slavery with either marriage or the workhouse, or both, as an end by these means. The book is certainly instructive. It shows us how certain men plant their more attractive "slaves" in various likely cities of the world, guarantee them luxurious houses and clothes, only taking a percentage of their profits. A complete business organization, undertaken and pursued in a completely business-like way. A horrible business if you like, but a business which will be very difficult to restrain so long as moral scruples, face to face with something approaching wealth, can so easily wobble and collapse.

M. Londres takes no side.

Which perhaps betrays his nationality. He merely states. His narrative is almost as bald as a description of the working of the Fish-mongers' Company. He leaves you to make your own conclusions, to find your own fury or toleration, as the case may be. These only are his conclusions: "The bully creates nothing; he only exploits what he finds. If he did not find the goods he would not sell them. But he knows where they are made. He knows the mighty factory whence comes the raw material, and that factory is called Poverty. It is always easy to be content with appearances. When people talk of the White Slave Traffic they always cry out against the men who carry off the women; nobody says anything about the poverty that

makes them willing to be carried off. Poverty is like a foreign country. Only those who have lived there know anything about it; other people don't seem even to give a thought to it. And when they do happen to say anything about it, they say the sort of thing they would about a country they had never seen; in other words, they talk nonsense. . . . They are like those who talk about the War without having been in the trenches! . . . Burn the brothels and lay a curse upon their ashes. You will have only made a bonfire and a futile demonstration. The responsibility is ours; we cannot get rid of it."

* * *

Another Holiday Book.

In Robert J. Horton's new novel, "The Forgotten Hills" (Collins. 7s. 6d.), the hero is a millionaire. And he is turned from human rubbish into something almost like gold. His valet, who kindly kidnaps him and takes him to a mining town where the young man's money is chiefly invested, accomplishes this miracle in the beginning. Once in Silver City young Roger Hartland is drawn into the turmoil of rival mining interests, also into the toils of Rose Raymond, the queen of the local night clubs. However, his experiences help him to overcome such obstacles as strikes, gunmen, desperadoes, sabotage, while after Rose has been disdainfully pensioned off he marries a beautiful girl. Which is all; as it should be, of course, in a novel such as this. It is quite a good yarn.



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH AND AUTORI

The famous actress and equally famous caricaturist, the singer-artist whose work is so familiar to supporters of "The Tatler." This sitting took place at the Grand Garden Fête at The Grange, Whetstone, kindly lent for the occasion by Mr. W. Jelks in aid of the Finchley Memorial Hospital. Autori's caricatures were sold for the benefit of the hospital. Miss Irene Vanbrugh presented the prizes and Miss Diana Wynyard opened the fête

PICTURES FROM

THE NORTH



Ian Smith
AT THE ROYAL ARCHERS' SHOOT: MAJOR MONCRIEFF,
HIS DAUGHTER (right), AND TWO FRIENDS



Ian Smith
MR. WILLIAM BOYD



Ian Smith
ANOTHER GROUP AT WEST MEADOWS, MRS.
RALSTON, SIR ARTHUR AND LADY ROSE



Balmain
GOLFING AT NORTH BERWICK: PRINCE
AND PRINCESS RUSPOLI



Mitchell Laing
AT CORTACHY: SIR TORQUIL MUNRO, MADAME
BELDIMANO, AND MAJOR R. W. MUNRO



Vickers
AT BUCHANAN CASTLE: THE MARQUESS
OF GRAHAM AND MISS SELLAR

Although bows and arrows are believed by most people to have gone out not long after Creçy and Poitiers, at both of which places they did tremendous execution, this is not so, for the King's Bodyguard for Scotland, the Company of Royal Archers, hold an annual shoot for the King's Cup in West Meadows, Edinburgh, and are quite as good shots as were the gentlemen at the places just named. Some of the competitors and their supporters are seen in the pictures at the top. Sir Arthur Rose was a lieutenant-colonel in the Royal Scots during the War. The Princess Ruspoli, who was snapshotted on the breezy North Berwick links, was formerly Princess Odescalchi, and is a daughter of the famous "Labby" of "Truth." Sir Torquil Munro and those in the group with him were taken at the Cortachy Castle Garden Fête. Cortachy is Lord Airlie's seat at Kirriemuir, where Sir Torquil Munro also has a seat. The Marquess of Graham, the Duke of Montrose's son and heir, and Miss Isabella Veronica Sellar are engaged to be married, and the photograph seen above was the first taken at Buchanan Castle, the Duke of Montrose's seat at Drymen



MR. C. S. BURNEY AND MR. C. C. JOB

Mr. Burney is the secretary of the recently formed Brooklands Aero Club. He was with Captain De Havilland in the early flying days. The Brooklands Club numbers Prince George, the Right Hon. Sir Horace Plunkett, and Sir Anthony Lindsay-Hogg among its members

Public Air Travel.

IT is unfortunate that this season private and club flying have occupied so much attention that there has been little left over for public air transport. Yet a great deal of steady work has been done, and the air-lines, and especially Imperial Airways, Ltd., are now fundamentally in a stronger position than they have ever been. Captain Lamplugh, writing in the new number of the "Air Annual of the British Empire," emphasizes that the safety of an air-line still depends upon the pilots, and in this department Imperial Airways is certainly better served than any other air transport company in existence. Its pilots now possess an aggregate of cross-country flying experience which is unique. If it is possible to get through they will get through, for which special ability the climate of England must in part be thanked. Over England they meet about as unpleasant flying weather as there is in the world, and they defeat it day after day without taking risks. It is said of some of them—it would be invidious to mention names when the general standard is so high—that if you blindfolded them and then flew them over any part of England or North-West Europe they would be able, directly they were allowed to look at the ground, to recognize their position! There are some fine French pilots and some fine Italian; but for the magic faculty of getting through bad weather there is none who can beat the Imperial Airways pilot.

Passengers.

T here have been some complaints this year that the number of air passengers on the public services shows a decline, or at least has failed to preserve the rate of increase it was formerly showing. The reduction in the number of American passengers has been especially remarked. I do not think that these statistical complaints are well founded. It may be true that the total number of passengers has not increased so rapidly as in former years, but it is also certainly true that the present passengers are of the type which is much more likely to travel regularly by air than the passengers of former years. At one time the majority of passengers were people who were flying for the experience more than for the purpose of saving time and discomfort in transit. American passengers were mostly of this type. They had not, at that time, any passenger air services in the United States, so that they felt it a duty to try this method of travelling directly they got to Europe. They went by air for the same reason that they stay up all night visiting the "objects of interest" in Paris. They considered both pursuits in some measure dangerous, but they felt it their duty to sample them, if only so that when they had returned

AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

back home they would be able to tell the "folks" all about it. But now that there are passenger air-lines in the United States a person who has travelled in one is less of a marvel. The "folks" fail to rise to the bait. The air passenger is no longer a wow or even a bulge. If he talks too much about his experiences he may be a flat tyre. Consequently the American tourist now travels on the "quaint old English railroads and ships." But in place of the tourist looking for a new experience, the air transport companies are gradually attracting the genuine air traveller who goes by air because he finds the airway more efficient.

* * *

Efficient Travel.

Efficient travel must be quick and comfortable, and it must avoid those devastating experiences at stations and seaports. Noise, so the latest researches indicate, fatigues people bodily and mentally. It increases the pressure of the cerebral fluid even when the hearer is not unduly disturbed by it. The noise in the cabins of aircraft is extremely loud; but it is a steady noise. The noise in railway stations is not steady and is far more trying. It is punctuated by *fortissimo* crashings, and by shriekings and whistlings which completely preclude the cultivation of that semi-hypnotic state which can act as a protection against that "living silence" — continuous noise. Moreover the attendant circumstances in a railway station are such that they must inevitably harm the psychological stability of the most hardened traveller. There is first of all the difficulty of discovering information about trains. There are the Customs difficulties and the passport unpleasantnesses. There is the Continental aptitude and taste for making everything seem twice as exciting as it really is, and for emphasizing by every possible means the sensation of rush and hurry. A person who has suffered all this knows that it must be grossly inefficient. If machinery worked with so much wasted energy as people when they are travelling by rail and sea, there would be an instant return to hard labour. There is only one way of escaping from the horrors and inefficiencies of travel by rail and ship, and that is to take to the air. People who go to and from the Continent by Imperial Airways machines travel efficiently so far as their own psychology is concerned. They do not subject themselves, their bodies, and their brains to more fatigue than is necessary. Customs, passports, and other formalities are easy and humane. The journey itself is quick, no changing, and there is the matter of time saved.



THE HON. MRS. VICTOR BRUCE

Who has recently turned her attention to aviation is planning a long-distance flight to a secret destination in spite of her having been flying for only a comparatively short time. The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce's laurels in the motoring world are very abundant, and she is quite capable of reaping as many honours in the air. This picture was taken at Heston. The Hon. Victor Bruce is a brother of Lord Aberdare, and the Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce is a kinswoman of Lord Petre

A "TATLER" FASHION

"The Tatler" will publish every Month an original Fashion Design by Gordon Conway suitable for the Season.



A beach suit of red and black crêpe satin. The coat is made on the satin side and the trousers and sleeveless waistcoat are made on the crêpe side. There is a knitted white top to the swimming suit, which has black shorts. The hat is of straw



LE TOMBEAU DU POÈTE

From the picture by Viollier



VENERABLE BEAUTY: ELLENS FARM AT RUDGWICK

At Home in Sussex

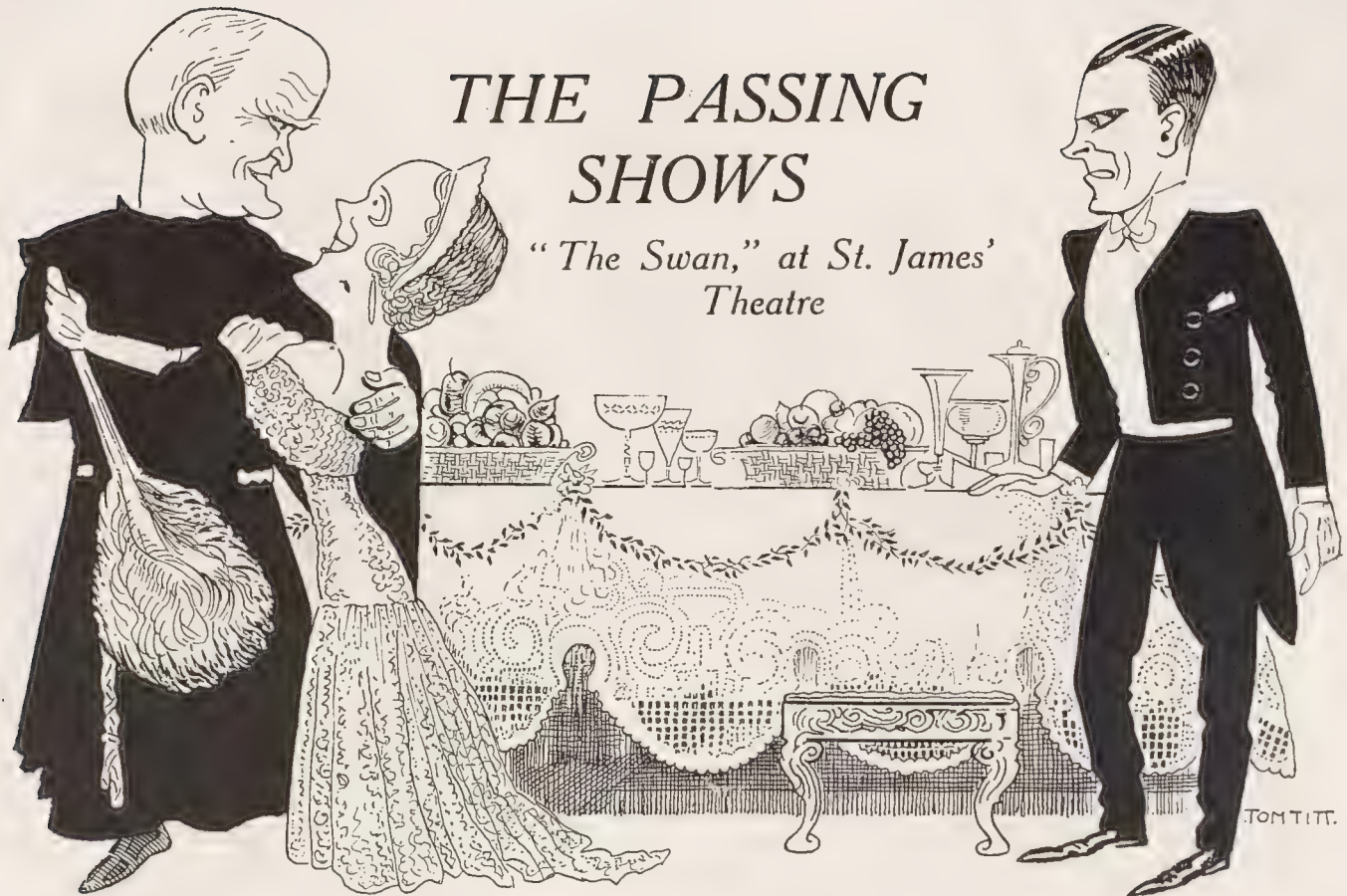
Mrs. Carl Bendix and her Son



MICHAEL AND HIS MOTHER BY THE LILY POOL

Sussex is famed for its fascinating houses, and the one occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Carl Bendix and their son, Michael, is certainly enviable. Part of it dates back to the thirteenth century and it once belonged to that generous patron of the arts, John Evelyn the diarist, who introduced Grinling Gibbons to the notice of Charles II. Mrs. Carl Bendix and her husband, who is busy with many financial undertakings in the City, both appreciate the attractions of Ellens Farm and have made the garden quite delightful

Photographs by Miss Compton Collier, West End Lane



FATHER HYACINTH (MR. C. V. FRANCE), PRINCESS ALEXANDRA (MISS EDNA BEST), AND THE TUTOR (MR. COLIN CLIVE)

The sweet-natured family father-confessor giving a few wrinkles to the Princess Alexandra, who has been told by her mamma to flirt with the tutor in order to wake up the heir-apparent. The unfortunate tutor who is used as the stalking-horse can be seen registering acute anguish

MR. FERENC MOLNAR, the Hungarian dramatist, has such an estimable reputation on the Continent and in New York that his failure to capture London is something of an enigma to his admirers. Whom shall we blame, remembering the fate of *Liliom*—the author, his translators, or ourselves? It is claimed that the average London audience is less amenable to subtlety than an American one. Irony and fantasy in appreciable quantities provoke that uncomfortable feeling of not "knowing where you are." The down-right Englishman, it seems, likes to make sure of his ground. In a Molnar play the ground is continually shifting.

The Swan changes key about as frequently as Gerschwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." No sooner has the author settled down to a nimble display of satire than he steps on the soft pedal, pulls out the *vox humana*, and sails into the minor on a gentle ripple of sentiment. But not for long. The result is a pattern of assorted threads which have a way of slipping through the fingers as soon as one tries to follow any particular one to its source, or, when disentangled, hold on to it to the exclusion of the others. One comes away from the St. James' with an air of having been vaguely baffled but pleasantly entertained. Molnar's banter can be as ephemeral as thistledown or as substantial as pickled cabbage. The variations of his touch and mood play an intriguing game of pastiche. Sometimes he seems heavy-handed and positively dull; he began slowly with a history lesson which mainly served to introduce a family joke about Napoleon (the two young princes were too unprincely to arouse further interest; most juvenile actors are trying, especially when they say *reely*); sometimes he is flourishing a dry and delicate wit; sometimes soaring away into the romantic clouds of poesy. *The Swan*, in fact, is a most elusive play.

The Ruritanian version of the moth and the star—the old story of the humble tutor and the beautiful princess—is the basis of operations. The Princess Beatrice, mindful of the decline in her family fortunes, is a match-making mother in search of a throne for her daughter, Alexandra (Miss Edna Best). Her



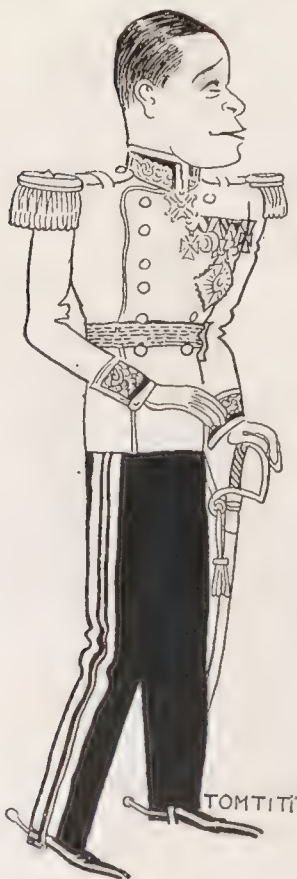
CÆSAR—MR. KINSEY PEILE

A most decorative master of the drinks who is attached to the "Ruritanian" household in which the story of "The Swan" is laid

nephew, Prince Albert (Mr. Herbert Marshall), who one day will be king of his own country, is the most eligible *parti* in the market. He is paying her one of those tentatively matrimonial visits so circumspectly supervised by his mother, the Princess Dominica (Miss Irene Vanbrugh), reputed to be the cleverest woman in Europe. Previous expeditions have ended in a drawn match, or rather in no match at all. The Viennese Princess was too plump; the Portuguese Infanta too ugly.

Alexandra, one would think after one glance at Miss Edna Best in an old-fashioned pink frock with a high waist, would stand a pretty good chance. But things are going badly. The Princess Beatrice is not only alarmed but despairing. Albert is a superior young man with a sarcastic tongue and several minor eccentricities. He travels, for instance, with his own supply of mustard. His soup must be served at a temperature of two degrees centigrade. His idea of a suitable supper for a State reception is cold consommé, followed by cold beef, followed by cold chicken. He goes to bed early and sleeps for fifteen hours. His awakening, about 11 a.m., is a delicate matter demanding the combined strategy of two aides. While the Colonel (Mr. Basil Loder) observes the slightest movement through the keyhole the Count stands by to cough discreetly at the psychological moment. It would be fatal if the Colonel, whose cough is of a rasping timbre, were to perform both operations.

Albert, after making everybody thoroughly uncomfortable for five days, is at no pains to disguise his boredom. Ennui is in every polite platitude and formal bow. His attitude to his cousin, Alexandra, is paralleled by the interest which a modern decorator might be expected to evince in a slab of early-Victorian marble. When Aunt Beatrice suggests a visit to Alexandra's rose garden, Albert coldly insists on being escorted by his staff to inspect the dairy, where the royal cows are milked by vacuum. Such pointed and (again looking at Miss Best) insane neglect Alexandra accepts with the silent resignation and down-cast eyes of a dutiful mother-ridden daughter *circa* 1850.



ALBERT THE UNREADY
Mr. Herbert Marshall as Prince Albert, the heir-apparent—a laggard in love who is caused to spring smartly up to attention by Princess Alexandra's flirtation with the tutor



THE INTRIGUING MOTHER
Miss Henrietta Watson as Princess Beatrice who insists upon the experiment on the luckless tutor in order to wake Prince Albert up

Alexandra, in fact, is an odd mixture of snob, innocent, and worldling. She wants a throne for the sake of being a queen. There is a strange elasticity about her pride; she makes no bones about her mother's suggestion that her young brother's tutor shall be used as the pawn to catch a king by the simple expedient of making him jealous. The only thing that worries her is the thought of her arm, in which flows the blood of the Bourbons, resting on that of a mere commoner. It is too late, her mother explains, to procure "a marquis from Vienna" (good for you, Mr. Molnar), and the fate of the young professor is sealed. Dr. Nicholas Agi (Mr. Colin Clive) is asked to the reception, and Alexandra, who has been so imperiously aloof, unbends. The tutor, already worshipping dumbly at a distance, is lost. His pedantic discourse, between dances, on astronomy descends from the remoter heavenly spheres to the divinity in shimmering white at his side. The poor young fellow is soon writhing in the mortal pangs of love. Albert, astounded at the unexpected competition, is showing signs of sitting up and taking notice. The Princess Beatrice is delighted. Her sister, Symphorosa (Miss Margaret Watson), dithers like a frightened hen. The Court is visibly stirred.

But Alexandra finds the pace too warm and the going too deep. Nicholas, in the poetic fervour of his adoration, is too embarrassing, too easily hurt. She confesses the deception; the young man is shattered. At the supper-table his tongue, loosened by a glass of Tokay, runs away with him. He monopolizes the conversation, twits Albert in astronomical parables, and is encouraged in his odd behaviour by Alexandra, who drains her own glass to put him at his ease. At this point a question arises which the third Act leaves unanswered. Is Alexandra really in love with her victim or not? How far do pity (first cousin to the deeper passion), inexperience, and her first glass of wine (great stuff this Tokay) go to explaining first, her attitude at supper (a proceeding enlivened by Mr. F. Kinsey Peile's amusing Major Domo and a strangely cosmopolitan bevy of flunkies), and second, the kiss?

Albert had come upon them later and was roused at last. He called the tutor, among other things, an upstart. Alexandra in front of everybody defended him. Then she put one arm round his neck and kissed him on the lips.

Next morning, while the tutor is packing and Albert's mother is making plain the purpose of her arrival, Alexandra's precise state of mind, as carried forward from the night before, is still problematical. Why, she asks, is Nicholas still angry? Did she not kiss him? Was not that proof of her feelings? Nicholas replies that her kiss was the last straw. It was a condescending little kiss, a kiss of superior pity—and that's why he didn't return it. An expert in kisses might detect other motives in that embrace. It is hard to say. For myself, I took it as a challenge and an avowal. Personally I should have returned it! Alexandra, I thought, in that kiss had found her heart. She was in love. She hinted vaguely as much when they said good-bye. Was she or wasn't she? The answer lies somewhere between Mr. Molnar and a bottle of Tokay.

In the end Albert won hands down, and Alexandra accepted the homily of the cleverest woman in Europe without a pang. Swans should remain aloof on the bosom of the lake. As soon as they begin to walk on dry land their gait promotes misunderstandings. Anyone might mistake them for that ridiculous bird the goose. If Alexandra's bewitching smile as she took Albert's arm was a sign of a broken heart, which are we to admire most, the brave philosophy of royalty putting dynasty before self or the dexterity of an author who can produce swans and geese from the same hat?

If *The Swan* fails by a short beak to put Mr. Molnar on a permanent pedestal it will not be the fault of the cast. Miss Edna Best's melting air of innocence, that little catch in her voice, all those lingering memories of Tessa, were never more tellingly employed. Mr. Herbert Marshall's dry, incisive methods are like italics; every syllable of mockery is accented with a nib dipped in acid. Whole volumes are left unspoken by the flicker of an eyelid. Mr. Colin Clive was at times rather puzzling—too stiff and "shell-shocked" for an astronomer in love with a star—but reached his journey's end with colours flying. Miss Henrietta Watson (Princess Beatrice), unfortunately, I did not see, but Miss Una Venning filled the breach with a performance of admirable finish. It was a pity we had to wait till the third Act for Miss Vanbrugh, but her arrival acted with the tonic effect of a blast of ozone. The stratagem of holding up a winning ace till the last trick is not without dramatic value. Mr. C. V. France as Father, formerly Prince, Hyacinth, combined the nobler qualities of monk and man, and took a firm grip on the job of family diplomat and philosopher to youth with his usual mellow suavity and unaffected charm.

"TRINCULO."



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH

Albert's masterful, match-making mother. She counsels giving the tutor a good job after his voluntary retirement—in case, later on, he writes memoirs or turns journalist



THE SPINSTERLY HEN

Symphorosa (Miss Margaret Watson), Princess Beatrice's sister, clucks, dithers, and occasionally weeps in the background over the shocking goings-on in Court circles

IRISH DOINGS

A Garden Party at Viceregal Lodge
and the County Meath Agricultural Show



LADY ABERDEEN AND MR. JUSTICE KENNEDY
ARRIVING AT VICEREGAL LODGE



MR. JUSTICE WYLIE AND MRS.
WYLIE AT THE GARDEN PARTY



LADY HARRINGTON, M.F.H. (centre),
WITH MR. AND MRS. DUNCAN
STEWART AT NAVAN FOR THE
RECENT COUNTY MEATH SHOW



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL AND MRS.
MCNEILL RECEIVING THEIR GUESTS



SENATOR SIR THOMAS ESMONDE, LADY
ESMONDE (in black), AND FRIENDS



AT THE COUNTY MEATH SHOW: LORD
HOLMPATRICK AND MRS. TEACHER

Free State activities, both social and sporting, are exemplified here. The beautiful grounds at Viceregal Lodge were looking their best when about a thousand guests accepted the invitation of the Governor-General and Mrs. McNeill to their Annual Garden Party. Owing to an operation to his hand His Excellency was unable to greet his guests in the conventional manner, but his bow was an excellent alternative. Lady Aberdeen was twice Vicereine of Ireland and is very popular there. Mr. Justice Kennedy is Lord Chief Justice of the Irish Free State. Mr. Justice Wylie, a very well-known sportsman, has been Master of the Ward Union since 1925. Sir Thomas Esmonde, whose book, "More Hunting Memories," is shortly to be published, served as Papal Chamberlain under four Pontiffs. His wife is the daughter of Mr. Peter Levins of Tremont, New York. A very good entry of hunters was one of the features of the County Meath Agricultural Show, which was held at Navan and well supported socially. Lady Harrington has taken a house in County Waterford for some two months and her son, young Lord Harrington, will be going over there shortly. Lord Holmpatrick, who with Mrs. Teacher gave personal examination to one of the stone wall "leaps," was Joint Master of the Meath for three seasons. He is Chief Commissioner of the Boy Scouts in Dublin and takes a very live interest in the movement. Mrs. Teacher, who hunts and goes racing with the greatest enthusiasm, is a sister of Mrs. Connell, the Master of the North Kildare Harriers.

A FAMILY PORTRAIT GALLERY



LADY THEO CADOGAN



THE MARCHIONESS OF BLANDFORD

The Marchioness of Blandford, who is one of the beautiful Cadogan sisters, is a niece of Lady Theo Cadogan, as her father, the late Viscount Chelsea, who died in 1908, was the eldest son of the late Lord Cadogan, the 5th Earl. The present Earl succeeded in 1915. Lady Theo Cadogan, whose two younger daughters are in the picture at the foot of this page, married the Hon. Alexander Cadogan in 1912, and was then Lady Theo Acheson, and the daughter of the late Earl of Gosford. The Hon. Alexander Cadogan is a First Secretary in the Diplomatic Service and Acting Counsellor of Embassy and Assistant to the British Delegate of the League of Nations. Lady Blandford's sisters are Lady Stanley, Lady Hillingdon, wife of the ex-Master of the Grafton, the Hon. Lady de Trafford, wife of Captain Sir Humphrey de Trafford, a newly-elected member of the Jockey Club, and the Hon. Mrs. John Gilmour

Photographs by Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street



CYNTHIA AND GILLIAN CADOGAN



Utudjian, Paris

TWO OLD FAVOURITES

"Mis" and "Georges." Georges Carpentier is home from Hollywood on a holiday. Is he going to rob us of Mistinguett? Hardly, for to convey Mis' world-famous legs to Hollywood would be rather like taking coals to Newcastle

aware of their condition. Yesterday when one of those happy-go-lucky drivers (more unlucky and less happy for others) dashed round a corner on the wrong side of the road I had to do a bit of quick footwork; 'orrid moment, nothing—or practically nothing—happened, I just sailed right on, and for a moment I thought it was a golden harp and a pink halo (preferably scalloped) for all of us. However a neat swerve (very neat though I sez it as shouldn't) saved the situation and, after shaking, the mixture was *not* taken. Nevertheless it put the Fear-of-Next-Time into me, and we are dry-docked for repairs.

Being car-less, and hating taxis or any kind of public conveyance, I have been putting in a good deal of time over the fireside this week. What else can one do on these chill summer nights. (Probably by the time this reaches you the new moon will have got busy and we shall all be happy again; with bucolic candour I pin my faith to what a new moon can do and I am rarely disappointed.) Meanwhile a nice log fire for the comfort of it, the window wide open for the *morale* of it, a steaming cup of something-out-of-the-advertisement-pages, the newest book one can borrow or steal and one is sure of a pleasant if not a riotous evening. Not being a really hardened borrower or thief I have, alas, been obliged to dip into the box of books that I intend for the holidays. It does not, by the way, contain any Gibbon or Ruskin! The other day I came across a small yellow-covered booklet that is distributed monthly by a certain publishing firm, and it contained an article giving the result of various interviews with the Great anent their "holiday reading." In the dear, dull days before the War no chorus-girl allowed an interviewer to wreck her on a desert island without her pet copies of the "Bible" and the "Works-of-Shakespeare" (sometimes it was Tennyson). Nowadays our Great Writers also seem to be obsessed by an *idée fixe*, but in their case it is the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" and "Sesame and Lilies" that seem to be the favourite *livres de chevet*. There are one or two exceptions, and my heart goes out to the Simple Soul who finds his meat (it would be my poison) in reading the French time-tables.

Priscilla in Paris

Yes . . . still Paris after all, Très Cher. I had thought to be splashing about the Island ere now, building sand castles wiv a wooden spade, catching star-fish in my little tin pail and all that sort of thing, you know, but the happiest plans have a way of going wrong at the last moment. In my case it was the car that ran off the rails, so to write. Being respectful of my tyres (euphemism for cheque book) I use my brakes very little, and therefore I am not always

Though it is none of my business (so, forgive me, Richard-o-my-King-of-Critics), may I tell you how much I have enjoyed Charles Graves' book ". . . and the Greeks." His dig at our delightful X. Marcel Boulestin, whom an American friend of mine calls "the Eats Expert," made me chuckle. He thinks Marcel a bit of a culinary snob, does he? Well, why not! (One can be worse things—an Eater of Salad Dressing out of a Bottle, for instance.) But he has got hold of the wrong end of the story about the peach and the champagne. It was Baron Schroeder, of polo fame, who put a peach—as many people have done and often will do—into a pint of Cliquot 1911 to flavour it; he drank the champagne, and the peach was removed, having briefly served its purpose. One hopes that the head waiter passed it on to a waiter (simple), that the waiter (simple) bestowed it on the *commis* (Miss Radelyffe Hall must forgive me if I make any error in the hierarchy of waiters), and that the *commis* gave it to a dish-washer who—if I rightly remember the classics of my childhood—will have taken it home to his sunless cellar where, on beholding it, his crippled, sunny-haired daughter babbled about Heaven, Santa Claus, and Angels.

Where was I? Oh, yes . . . Books! I have also been reading the newly-issued first volume of the "Correspondance Générale de Marcel Proust." It consists of his letters to Robert de Montesquiou, which were written over a period dating from 1893 to 1921. The influence that Montesquiou had over young Proust at an early and therefore still impressionable age was great, and it is interesting to see the attitude of the young man towards his senior. The almost blind admiration felt by the youth of eighteen for both the man and the writer is, I think, remarkably touching, and later, when Montesquiou had proved more than a little disappointing as a friend the dignity with which Marcel Proust forgives the pettiness and—as I regard it—the professional jealousy of the elder man and, though loving him less, does not cease to admire and laud him as a writer, is admirable. These letters are edited by the eminent surgeon, Dr. Robert Proust. — With love, Très Cher, PRISCILLA.



MISS HOPE HAMPTON IN "MANON"

The beautiful American singer whose success at the Opera Comique was so great by reason of her charm, good looks, and delightful voice—a rare combination. She is pictured above in "Manon"



MAURICE CHEVALIER: FRANCE'S FILM "ACE"

Gene Robert Richee

Maurice Chevalier, in addition to being the greatest revue artist in France, has now gone clean to the top of the tree in the talkies, and will remain there even if talkies go out of fashion and the silent film once more holds the movie stage. Maurice Chevalier's biggest film, which everyone in London and the rest of the world must have seen, was "The Love Parade," and since then he has been kept very busy at Hollywood making another, "The Little Café," which is said to be quite as certain a winner. When he is not acting, Maurice Chevalier's principal amusement is boxing, as it is that of another revue and film actor, Carl Brisson. Few people know probably that Maurice Chevalier was Georges Carpentier's unofficial sparring partner when that fine performer was still "in business."

"Kid" Francis, the French fly-weight, who recently made a tour of America, is Maurice Chevalier's protégé

THE BAT AND BALL GAME



Oscar Hardee

THE WEST KENT v. ROYAL ARTILLERY 1930 MATCH

The combined teams taken at the encounter which was played at Chislehurst recently. The names are, left to right: Back row—Drake (the West Kent groundsman), A. R. Morris, J. N. D. Tyler, Waldron Smithers, M.P., J. C. Hubbard, Captain M. Brittan, N. C. Philips, C. Berens, R. K. Paige, R. H. A. Foster, and the R.A. umpire; middle row—Captain J. A. Sanger, C. H. M. Ebdon, Brigadier W. E. Clark, J. A. Deep, Captain J. P. Glover, R. H. Marriott, A. P. Bowley, and A. W. Tyler; front row—W. Turvey (West Kent scorer), A. L. Birt, G. McConnell, Hon. C. C. Lyttelton, T. L. Jackson, N. L. Foster, G. A. K. Collins, D. W. Perse, and J. W. Bowley. West Kent won this match as they did their fixtures against the I.Z., Free Foresters, and others. West Kent is one of the oldest, if not the oldest, cricket clubs, and is in the 118th year of its existence. The first match between West Kent C.C. and the Royal Artillery was played in 1825; so they are very ancient foemen



THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE GYPSIES

The team which drew with the South Wales Hunts' XI at Chepstow in the recent match. Their victims are in the accompanying picture. The names are, left to right, at back: Captain McBean, G. A. Weedal, R. H. Warren, K. A. Woodward, The Rev. H. C. Hubbard, and Colonel Gordon Phillips; (seated) S. Godsall, Dr. G. Grace, Dr. M. M. Munden (captain), C. W. Holloway, and M. S. H. Maxwell-Gumbleton

THE SOUTH WALES HUNTS' XI

The team which drew with the Duke of Beaufort's Hunt XI in the recent match in Tredegar Park. The names are, left to right, standing: P. Clay, Major Godfrey Wade, R. A. Byass, L. E. W. Williams, Captain G. R. Bradshaw, E. A. Phillips, Captain L. Foster-Stedman, and H. C. Harris; (seated) Major David, J. C. Clay (captain), C. C. Llewellyn-Williams, M.F.H., W. W. B. Scott, M.F.H., and Major Sir Geoffrey Byass

Truman Howell



HURLINGHAM AN IMPRESSION

By C. F. Bauer

The scene of operations of the polo campaign has now shifted to the country where English interest is concerned, and to Meadowbrook, Long Island, U.S.A., where the main battle is concerned, but this picture presents a fleeting glimpse of the polo G.H.Q. on a nice sunny afternoon

WILLS'S
'GOLD FLAKE'
SATISFY



A WELL-KNOWN QUARTETTE



THE ELLESMERE FAMILY AT ALMOST ANY RACE MEETING

The names, left to right, are : The Hon. Wilfrid Egerton, the Earl of Ellesmere, the Hon. Tom Egerton, and Captain the Hon. Francis Egerton. The Hon. Francis Egerton is the eldest of Lord Ellesmere's brothers, and the Hon. Wilfrid the youngest. Lord Ellesmere's bad luck with that brilliant filly, Tiffin, last season, earned him the sympathy of everyone

OUR CARTOONIST—IN SAVAGE MOOD



THE KEY TO THE COMPLI

In the foreground Miss Rosemary Hope-Vere is to be seen refusing a cocktail. In the background may be recognized Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kindersley, Lord Donegall, Sir Arthur Rosse, Lady Eleanor Smith, Miss Baby Jungman, Mr. Eddie Tatham, to say

By Tony Wysa

THE MOOD—AT A BRIGHT YOUNG PARTY



THE COMPLICATED SITUATION

refusing a cocktail from Mr. Oliver Messel, while, reading from the left to right, Lord Donegall, Sir Anthony Weldon, Lady Seafield, the Hon. Patrick Balfour, Lord Lie Tatham, to say nothing of the Hon. Hugh Lygon hanging over the bannisters

By Tony Wysard



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INTERFERENCE



"Pardon me, sir. But you're supposed to drive off parallel with the tee box"
"Will you kindly mind your own business; this is my third shot"

By Webster Murray



The whisky you drink . . . Is
it passable, or is it perfect? Is
it—just whisky? It should be

Haig WHISKY

no finer whisky goes into any bottle

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A FILM WHO'S WHO!



MISS WYNNE GIBSON



MISS JULIA FAYE PLAYS "SAN-GOLF"

Miss Wynne Gibson is one of the rising stars in Hollywood, and has both beauty and talent. Her latest film at the time of going to press is one called "The Song Writer." Miss Julia Faye is seen off duty playing a game called "San-golf"—merely golf on the sands! She is a Virginian, and made her screen debut under D. W. Griffith's banner in that remarkable film, "Intolerance," and more recently was in "The Volga Boatman," "Corporal Kate," and many others.



MISS MARY NOLAN IN "SHANGHAI LADY"

The author of the film, "Shanghai Lady," Mr. John Colton, also wrote "Rain," and the locale of the two stories is very much the same. Miss Mary Nolan, who is of course a well-known actress on the American stage, made a big success in the English film, "Sorrell and Son," amongst other things. She only took up movie work quite recently.

GOING RACING

The Hurst Park Meeting



CAPTAIN RAYSON, THE VICOMTESSE DE LA CHAPELLE, AND HER DAUGHTER

At Hurst Park on the second day of the Summer Meeting, when a drizzling rain did its worst to spoil the fun. The Duchess of York Plate, the card's most valuable race, was won by Sir George Noble's Pictoralas



GENERAL KENNEDY, BARON DE TUYLL, AND THE HON. MRS. GEORGE LAMBTON

Baron F. de Tuyl's two-year-old, Unlikely, was fancied for the Henry VIII Plate at Hurst Park, but was beaten a short head by Mrs. Sofer Whitburn's Clove Hitch ridden, with all his old brilliance, by Donoghue



THE HON. MRS. "VANDY" BEATTY AND HER UNCLE, LORD ZETLAND

LADY CURZON OF KEDLESTON, MAJOR FETHERSTONHAUGH, AND MRS. FETHERSTONHAUGH

Above are three of the many well-known people to be seen at the Hurst Park Meeting. Major "Fether," who has charge of the King's thoroughbreds, is also an extra equerry to His Majesty. Mrs. Fetherstonhaugh is a kinswoman of Lord Wolverton. Though Lady Curzon had no horses running on the second day she was taking her usual knowledgeable interest in the racing

The Hon. Mrs. Beatty, to whom racing is a very attractive amusement indeed, is Lord Southampton's daughter, and married Lord Beatty's brother in 1925. Her uncle, Lord Zetland, ran Conundrum in the opening event of the day but his entry just failed to secure a place

General Charles Lambton, who is seen on the right with Mrs. Clayton, lives in Berkshire, and used to be in the Northumberland Fusiliers. He commanded a brigade during the European War. Mrs. Clayton is one of Yorkshire's leading racing personalities and a personal friend of H.R.H. Princess Mary



A CONVERSATION PICTURE: MRS. CLAYTON AND GENERAL THE HON. CHARLES LAMBTON

SUN-TANNING AT ANTIBES



THE MARQUESS AND MARCHIONESS OF MILFORD HAVEN



MRS. SIDNEY VANDERBILT, LADY BOWER SMITH
AND LADY MILFORD HAVEN



AT EDEN ROC, JUAN-LES-PINS: MAJOR NOEL SAMPSON, MR. AND MRS.
THISTLETHWAYTE, AND THE HON. MRS. IAN CAMPBELL

As all the "depressions" and tempests seem to make a point of coming to roost on the British Isles, it is never surprising to hear that all the rest of the world can live the primitive and simply-clad life. The Riviera gets, as we think, more than its fair share of violet rays! Lady Milford Haven, who is a sister of Lady Zia Wernher, was Lady Nada de Torby, and they are the beautiful daughters of the late Grand Duke Michael of Russia and the late Countess de Torby. Mrs. Sidney Vanderbilt is the wife of the American millionaire. Mrs. Thistlethwayte is a niece of Sir Gomer Berry, the brother of Lord Camrose, and the Hon. Mrs. Ian Campbell is Lord and Lady Beaverbrook's only daughter. Her husband is heir-presumptive to the Dukedom of Argyll



MISS MARJORIE JOSA

BUBBLE & SQUEAK



Dorothy Wilding

TWO TALENTED SISTERS: THE HON. MRS. DAVID TENNANT AND MRS. BYAM SHAW AND THEIR CHILDREN

The Hon. Mrs. David Tennant, who is better known in the world of the stage as Miss Hermione Baddeley—a very talented and versatile young actress—is with her daughter Pauline. A small son named David is a quite recent arrival. Mrs. Glen Byam Shaw (Miss Angela Baddeley on the stage) is with her daughter Jane, and she also has quite recently presented her husband, the well-known actor, with a son. Mr. Glen Byam Shaw is a son of the famous artist

MR. ARTHUR PORRITT'S book, "The Best I Remember," contains some very good stories. The following is one of them:

"Dr. Garvie, a well-known minister, was travelling to Newcastle and was unlucky enough to get a piece of cinder in his eye.

"When he arrived at York he went into the refreshment bar for a glass of milk, his eye twitching with pain all the time.

"He drank the milk, but he thought it had a peculiar taste, so he asked the waitress, 'Was that milk?'

"No, sir. Rum and milk."

"But I asked for milk."

"Yes, I know," said the girl, "but you tipped me the wink, so I made it rum and milk."

Babu stories are not so plentiful as they once were, but here is one that may not be familiar. One of them had ambitions in the direction of lay-preaching. In an address he drew a picture of the early and mature stages of life. He said: "When we are in the morning of life we sow our seeds, and in life's evening we cut our corns."

A man's wife died, and on her gravestone her sorrowing husband had the following words inscribed:

"THE LIGHT OF MY LIFE HAS GONE OUT."

Some months after this worthy married again. A friend of his met him and asked, "Is it true that you have married again?"

"Yes," he replied.

"What, married again after having those pathetic lines placed upon your wife's gravestone?"

"Yes, I struck another match!"

Let me see, Jenkins," said the languid young man, wearily, "wha' time did I come home las' night?"

"Four o'clock this morning, sir," replied his man.

"And—and wha' time did I get up yesterday morning?"

"Eight o'clock last night, sir."

A smart Johannesburg woman who frequently travels between Cape Town and Southampton has a positive mania for winning the first prize for the best made-on-board fancy dress at the ship's ball. Every morning and afternoon found her down in the saloon deep in elaborate cuttings of crêpe paper. Not a moment could she waste on deck games. Thirteen days out from Cape Town the ball was held and she won the first prize with ease as "The Rose of a Thousand Petals." The very next morning—but four days from London—Madeira was reached and Madame went ashore for a few hours. As she sat down for breakfast at Reid's, on the terrace overlooking the bay, she remarked, "How beautiful it is to see the sea once more."

The golf novice had driven his ball along the fairway, but unfortunately it had disappeared down a rabbit-hole.

"Which club will you take now?" asked the caddie with a grin.

The novice looked puzzled. "Have you got one shaped like a ferret?" he asked.

A waiter in a small restaurant was having a trying time with a fractious customer. His patience reached its limits when, coming back from the fifth journey the presence of the man had occasioned him, the customer mumbled, "Waiter! What on earth's wrong with these eggs?"

"I don't know, sir," said the waiter, glancing mildly at the man, then at the offending articles. "I only laid the table."

"Yes, it's
Jim here"

OH, I'm getting on fine, dear...you and the kiddies having a good time?...

Yes, it's pretty trying up here too...rotten weather to be shut up in the office all day...makes one want to lie in a boat and do nothing...

Oh, yes, I'm having plenty to eat...and I say, Jean, that cold "Ovaltine" of yours is a boon...I honestly believe one could live on it...

Rather! I have it every night for supper...it's so delightfully easy to make, even for a helpless husband...and it's much more refreshing than iced coffee or anything like that...it makes me sleep like a top, too!

All right, all right!...don't you start telling me again that I need just as much nourishment in hot weather...I've heard that one...anyway "Ovaltine" is, as you say, a wonderful food...I don't wonder the kids all clamour for it...

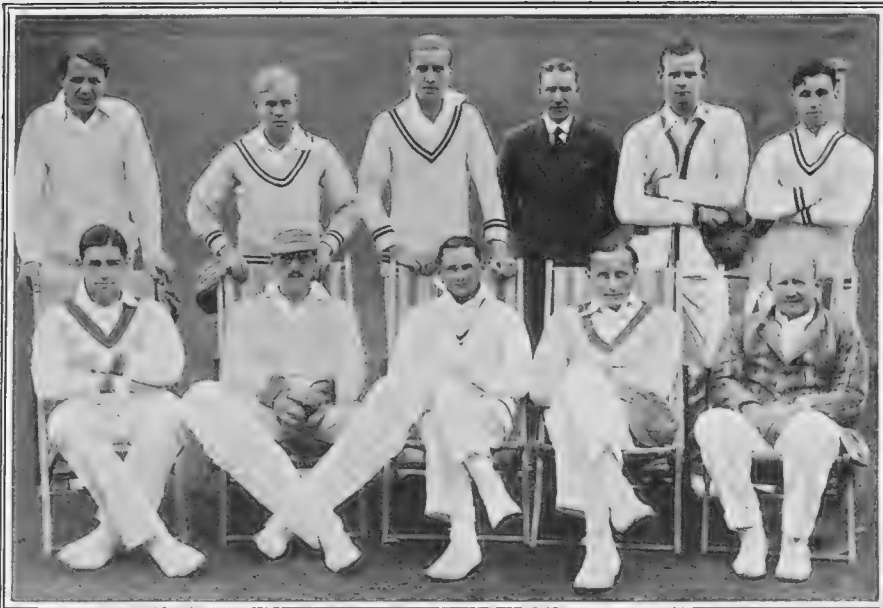
What's that?...jolly good idea...I'll have some on the beach too!...right-ho, darling, I'll try and catch the 5.30 express on Friday...bye-bye...



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THE ETON RAMBLERS ON TOUR

Truman Howell

The team which played at Hereford v. the Gentlemen of Herefordshire. The other fixtures include matches v. the Gentlemen of Radnorshire and the Gentlemen of Shropshire

The names in this group are: Seated—C. H. Gosling, H. T. Foley, G. W. Norris (captain), W. E. Harboard, and L. E. Bury; at back—J. Arkwright, G. Kevill-Davies, D. Smith-Bingham, F. A. Norris, J. H. Nevinson, and G. N. Capel-Cure

IT is quite impossible to understand all this sob-stuff over Primo Carnera's having been told by Il Duce that he has got to quit fighting and take up the nice peaceful profession of a soldier. Why pity Carnera? Surely the person who is due our sympathy, and even our prayers, is the company sergeant-major who is going to have to tell Primo to "cut the 'and away smartly on the word tow—prestissimo you ————wait for it —WAIT for IT-T-T-T!" This is the man we ought to pity, and perhaps we might save a bit for even Il Duce himself. Is it to be expected that a gentleman of Carnera's temperament and talents is going to let any sergeant-major talk to him in the manner which sergeant-majors usually talk to the trembling rookie, or recruit? And even if there is no trouble "on the square" I can see it coming over the food. I do not know what the Italian Tomaso Atkinsa gets in the way of rations, but I doubt whether Carnera will get four-dozen bananas and a gross of eggs as the first course of his breakfast. Also, how can any country, no matter how wealthy it may be, stand the inflation in its Army Estimates which Carnera's lunch will be bound to cause? Five miles of macaroni and a couple of barrels of monkey-nuts will be nothing to him. But it is where his Company S.M. is concerned that I am the most apprehensive. Look what Primo did to a gentleman with the fierce name of "Bear-Cat!" In the first second he hits him a wallop that sends him doing a Kingsford-Smith Atlantic-flying act into the fourth row of the stalls. "Bear-Cat" is given ten seconds to climb back on to the operating table: three seconds later he goes to the boundary (back row of pit) and is then carried away to the dressing-station. And this man has the impudence to call himself "Bear-Cat"! These American gladiators are much better at names than our lot are. "The Oklahoma Mauler," "Battling Siki," "The Manasseh Pile-Driver," "Sharkey"—we have nothing to compare with these, or even "Bear-Cat," in the way of names, and it is a matter which will bear looking into. Joe Beckett, Phil Scott, Jimmy Wilde—there's no punch in these names—and though "Bombardier" is a bit nearer to the thing, it is miles behind the Americans. Some say that Carnera is now fabulously rich; some say he isn't, and that his manager has got it. This last suggestion I think is just silly. Supposing Carnera's manager

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

has got the stuff, it would only be necessary for Carnera to have a two-seconds heart-to-heart talk with him to make him glad to cough it all up—and a bit more, too, perhaps.

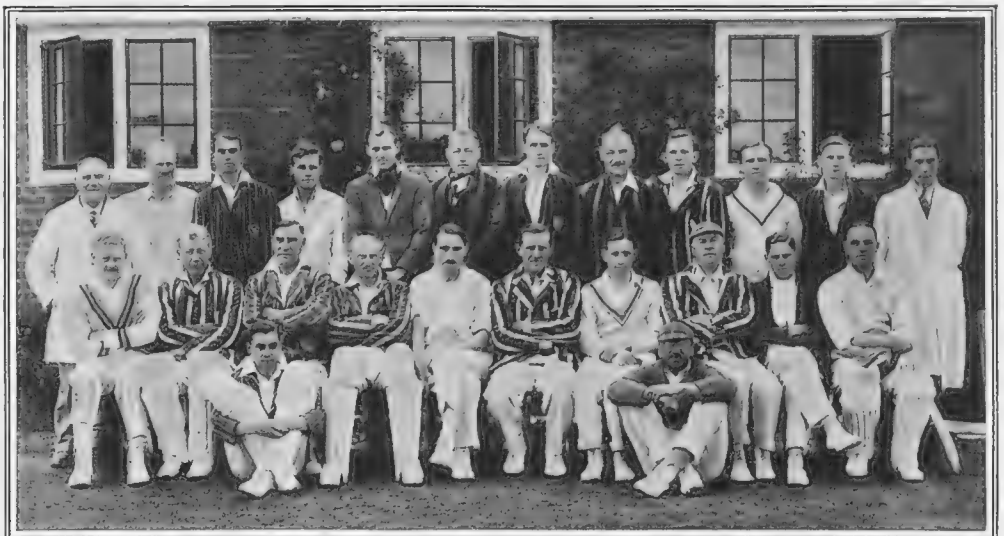
However, now Primo has got to be a Bersaglieri, or something like that, it will be a less amusing life than putting all these various gentlemen whose acquaintance he has been making recently through it. "Biff—squelch—crash—scrunch"—and then bulletins every half-hour from the gentlemen's retiring-rooms stating whether they are likely to recover or not.

Mr. G. F. Cowlard of Tormead, Yelverton, writes to me apropos the export of horses to the Continent for food:

I have followed with great interest your efforts to stop the worn-out horse traffic to the Continent, and venture to send you a newspaper cutting from "The Western Morning News" of Thursday, July 17, 1930, relative to a shipment of Dartmoor ponies which was held up at Plymouth. It is true what this paper says that the sale and demand for these ponies has dwindled to practically nothing. I don't think that these ponies were being sent to France for breeding purposes. It is much more likely that they were being sent for hard work, but it is gratifying to see that the authorities have stopped this traffic in this case. I only hope that you will keep on hammering away against the exportation of horses to France and Belgium.

All this is perfectly true, but the fact remains that if we organized, this profitable trade could be kept in the country, and the risk of the dreadful methods still in force at some continental abattoirs combated.

Some other letters upon this subject have to be held over for the moment owing to lack of space. One of these is from Mrs. Macqueen Ferguson, Perthshire, who is very emphatic upon the subject of the complacency of the R.S.P.C.A., who, she says, seem to think that all is well if Government officials say so. "We in Scotland," she says, "are not quite so credulous, and I have been making investigations on my own when in Paris in May." Mrs. Macqueen Ferguson says that the French themselves do not hesitate to admit that their abattoirs are the "shame of Paris." And yet we are asked to believe that all's well. A good many people know very well that this is nonsense, and that all will not be well till we get a Bill stopping export for slaughter.



REPTON PILGRIMS AND O.M.T.'S

R. S. Crisp

A group of the two teams and the umpires when they met recently at Teddington. The names, left to right, are: Back row—Goodyear (umpire), A. E. Cardew, R. Ostler, L. W. T. Turner, F. R. L. Barnwell, C. H. Popham, L. Bywater, R. F. Popham, D. S. Piper, D. M. Parry, C. D. Eden, Griffin (umpire); seated—A. F. G. Hazzilden, E. A. Greswell, S. A. Triok, F. R. D'O. Monro, J. P. Jamieson, D. T. Greswell, H. L. Greer, A. F. Morcom, D. E. Johns, D. B. Franklin; on ground—R. P. Wilkins and R. A. Young

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THE ROYAL NAVY POLO TEAM

R. S. Crisp

Which won the Military Challenge Cup at Templeton, beating the Life Guards (gave $4\frac{1}{2}$ goals) $10\frac{1}{2}$ to 8. The names, left to right, are: Lieut.-Commander C. E. Lambe, Lieut.-Commander Lord Louis Mountbatten, Lieut. E. G. Heywood-Lonsdale, and Lieut.-Commander C. R. W. Gairdner

THE first American International Trial was played somewhere in Long Island on Monday, July 21, and the sides were these: *Whites* (H. E. Talbott, E. J. Boeseke, E. W. Hopping, and Winston Guest) beat *Reds* (T. Hitchcock, Junr., Stephen Sanford, Eric Pedley, and E. A. S. Hopping) by 13 goals to 9. The probable team I heard some time ago and its positions was this: Mr. E. J. Boeseke (1), Mr. Winston Guest (2), Mr. Thos. Hitchcock, Junr. (3), and Mr. E. A. S. Hopping (back). To run through some of these names in this first American trial and tack on to them some recent form of interest, I think one cannot do better than confine oneself to the American Open Championship played in August last in Long Island.

Mr. H. E. Talbott was the No. 1 of the Roslyn team which had that terrific fight (12 chukkers) with The Hurricanes (winners) in the semi-final, and in which they were only beaten 8 to 7, and in most of the American critics' opinion deserved to win. It was one of the most furious fights ever seen in any American Open. In the eighth chukker Mr. H. E. Talbott was hurt from a blow by the ball and Mr. Aidan Roark jumped down from the stand and took his place—"leounge" suitings notwithstanding. In spite of Mr. Tommy Hitchcock's Sands Point team going into the final with The Hurricanes, Roslyn were probably the second best team which started. The others in it were our Mr. Gerald Balding (2), Mr. J. Cheever Cowdin (3), and Mr. H. W. Williams (back).

Mr. E. J. Boeseke, who is named as America's possible No. 1 is a Californian crack, was No. 2 in the Greentree team in the American Open. This team was beaten in its semi-final by Sands Point 14 to 10. The Hurricanes (our Captain C. T. I. Roark dominating the situation with Mr. J. Watson Webb), beat Sands Point 11 to 7 in the final. Mr. Boeseke is rated a better horseman and as good a player as Mr. Watson Webb, an ex-International. This is saying what they call over there a bib-full. See above for other semi-final.

Mr. Earl W. Hopping we know. His team, Eastcott, was outed 11 to 5 in the first encounter with Sands Point in the American Open. Mr. C. Balding (1), Captain C. H. Tremayne (3), and Colonel P. K. Wise (back) were the other component parts.

Mr. Winston Guest was the back of the Greentree team in the American Open (see note on Mr. E. J. Boeseke), the other two were Mr. J. H. Whitney (1) and Mr. Eric Pedley (3). They have talked about Mr. Pedley for their International team. As to Mr. Winston Guest, the big form is the 1928 v. The Argentine. He was the back in that fine team which seems, to some of us, good enough as it stood in its final formation, i.e. Mr. W. A. Harriman (1), Mr. E. A. S. Hopping (2), Mr. Thos. Hitchcock, Junr. (3), and Mr. Winston Guest (back). They believe they have a better No. 1 than Mr. Harriman, and

Polo Notes "SERREFILE" By

it is said Mr. Hitchcock favours the idea of putting Mr. Winston Guest up No. 2, and young Hopping back. Mr. Boeseke (or Mr. Talbott) and Mr. Winston Guest as the spear-head of the American team, ought to be a pretty tough proposition; but this is what I understand it is to be.

Mr. Thos. Hitchcock, Junr. It is quite unnecessary to say more than that he is the only 10-goal player in America—therefore in the world. His team in the American Open was Sands Point (see note on Messrs. Talbott and Boeseke). The Americans say that there is only one man that can stop Mr. Hitchcock, and that is our Captain Roark—and I suppose they must know.

Mr. S. Sanford, Mr. Eric Pedley, and Mr. E. A. S. Hopping. There is no necessity to say anything more than has been said in the notes on the other players.

I shall not be surprised if in the next American Trial we see the following:—

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| (1) Mr. E. J. Boeseke | v. Mr. Talbott |
| (2) Mr. Winston Guest | v. Mr. E. W. Hopping |
| (3) Mr. Thos. Hitchcock, Junr. | v. Mr. Eric Pedley |
| (Back) Mr. E. A. S. Hopping | v. Mr. R. E. Strawbridge, Junr. |

My latest news from the other side of the Atlantic is this: that as a result of an unofficial trial match at the Sands Point Ground, L.I., on July 13, Mr. Hitchcock is seriously thinking of putting in Mr. G. H. Bostwick as America's No. 1. There was a match, Whites v. Reds, the following being the teams. *Whites*—Mr. Eric Pedley (1), Mr. T. Hitchcock, Junr. (2), Mr. E. A. S. Hopping (3), and Mr. J. C. Rathborne (back). *Reds*—Mr. G. H. Bostwick (1), Mr. Winston Guest (2), Mr. E. W. Hopping (3), Mr. H. W. Williams (back). The Whites won 14 to 5, but Mr. Bostwick hit all five of the losers' goals. He is stated to be America's best steeplechase G.R. His weight, 8 stone 5 lb., is said to be the only thing which is making the selectors hesitate. They are agreed about the quality of the polo he can play. We can but wait and see how things shape. The "ballyhoo" in the American Press is in full blast. In England I hear nothing, or next to nothing, and they wonder why the English public is so apathetic about polo.

The 10th English International Trial at Norton v. the 17th/21st Lancers, which England won 6 to 4, was as negative as the 8th and 9th. I think I will reserve any more extended comment till I get space for a short synopsis of all ten matches. The form was certainly not "International."



THE LIFE GUARDS POLO TEAM

R. S. Crisp

Runners-up in the Military Challenge Cup to the Navy, to whom they had to give a $4\frac{1}{2}$ -goals start. The names, left to right, are: Sir Gerard Fuller, Mr. T. A. Fairhurst, Captain A. H. Ferguson, and Mr. T. A. A. Watt



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THE TOUCH OF A HAND

By Owen Oliver

"I KNEW Fletcher and his wife when I was Consul at Captabella," the visitor told the superintendent of the asylum, "but he doesn't recognize me. I understand that he's allowed out under supervision. Could I take him for a walk?"

"Oh, yes," the superintendent agreed. "He's quite safe; but don't let out that you know his wife, or he'd think you were an emissary of hers. He fancies that she wishes to harm him, and that he's only pretending to be mad because the asylum is a sanctuary from her."

Fletcher came to the subject of his wife, when they were sitting upon the cliffs, and the ex-Consul asked why he wouldn't shake hands when they were introduced.

"Sir, I never touch a human hand. It would remind me of my wife's. It drove me here by its persecution; got away from her somehow and followed me for years. I hate it; and her!"

"Why did I marry her? Oh, the ordinary human folly! She was an attractive young woman; the soppy early Victorian type of woman; and I'm a very modern man. Modernity, if you've noticed, goes back to the Cave Man. We have dropped the cloak of religion and returned to the primitive gospel of force. I'd have seized success by force if it hadn't been for that damned hand of hers. There's some curious influence in the touch of a hand. My mother used to put hers on my arm when she wanted to get over me. 'Tom, dear ——?' Bah! Those good women! However, my mother's dead, and I forgive her. After all, your mother's a relative. Your wife isn't. I shan't forgive my wife."

"She was always against everything that would make money. It 'wasn't right,' or it 'wasn't quite honest.' Who is quite honest I'd like to know, in these times? When I was sitting alone, working out my plans, she'd creep up and put her hand softly on me. 'Tom,' she'd whisper, 'Tom, dear, don't——' Curse her!"

"At last I could stand it no longer. There was a glorious Spanish woman at Captabella. She wasn't the sort to paw me from prosperity. We decided to make a bolt of it. Somehow my wife became suspicious and tried to wheedle me."

"Tom, dear," she begged, the night before I meant to go, 'take me for a walk. It's moonlight. It will be like old times.'

"I didn't want her to suspect. So I went for the walk to keep her quiet. As soon as we were on the cliffs she began to dig her fingers into my arm and squeeze up to me."

"Oh, Tom, dear!" she cried. 'I know I'm not all the things you'd like me to be; but I love you.'

"So you ought to," I said. 'You're my wife.'



"The door opened silently and slowly, inch by inch"

"I love you more than anyone else ever will. She——"

"She began clawing at my arm."

"Take your hand away!" I shouted. 'Take your hand away.'

"I backed from her toward the edge of the cliff; but she came after me, reaching for me with her hand. The fingers looked like little devils in the moonlight. They *were* devils, you know!"

"Tom, dear!" she wept. 'You are not yourself. Your nerves are upset. It's being so clever. You can't help it. Come away with me. I will be so good. I will even do a little wrong, if you tell me to. Oh, please don't leave me.'

"Then she put out her hand to stroke my face. I couldn't let her touch me, could I? Naturally I pushed her away, and she fell over the cliff. She dropped on a ledge about fifteen feet down, and they found her there. She was stunned, and a foot was damaged—if only it had been her hand!"

"I couldn't get off the next day because the confounded British Consul had me placed under open arrest. He'd always been gone on her. I saw, if *she* didn't. I don't miss much. He got hold of some scoundrels of fishermen—fellows who'd sell their souls for sixpence—and they declared they'd seen me push her over. He told me that if she died it wouldn't be his fault if I didn't hang."

"As soon as she was conscious she said that she had slipped, and I had clutched at her to save her, and they must have mistaken that for a push."

"I must ask you to swear that," the Consul told her; and took a Testament out of his pocket. She gasped and looked up

The Touch of a Hand—continued

at him like a frightened child. She had all sorts of superstitions and was mortally afraid to swear anything but the truth. She held out her hand for the Testament; but it shook like a leaf. He was fool enough to take hold of the hand. I was very



AT CANNES: MR. AND MRS. BROOKSBANK

Who are well known in Yorkshire and are amongst the big crowd of sun-worshippers now to be found at most of the Riviera beauty spots. The back-end of the English summer not looking very promising the exodus to the Alpes Maritimes is not surprising

kill me 'as sure as there's a God in Heaven!' But he doesn't want to be hanged, you see. He'd prefer to live, and marry the 'little lady'!

"The Spanish woman and I got away in a tiny trading schooner that night. It was rough, and we were sick for two days. Then it became fine. She sat in a deck chair with her long, black hair loose. The colour came back in her face little by little. Sir, she was a gorgeous woman!

"Wait," she whispered, when I started to caress her. 'Wait, my beloved! It must be my best that I give to you. Sleep a little, and wake to find a glowing Anita with her soul outside to greet you!'

"I slept till I woke at the touch of a soft hand. I looked up, thinking to see Anita bending over me. But Anita was asleep in her chair. It was a hand I could not see that kept stroking and stroking my cheek. I shouted at it and swung my chair round and round to hit it. I smashed the chair into fragments. The crew came running from all over the boat at my cries. They said I was mad. Anita locked herself away from me. I hammered at the door with a marling-spike. They shut me up in a dark hole; kept me there till they had landed Anita somewhere. I never saw her again. Do you wonder that I hate my wife?

"I reached Gibraltar, and found some employment there; and Carlotta; beautiful Carlotta. She was servant to some English people. They lived on Library Ramp. She promised to open the door for me one night. There was a full moon, I remember; a very warm moon, and wicked, winking stars. The bay winked back at them. My blood was like molten metal. The door opened silently and slowly, inch by inch. I put out my hand to open it a little quicker, and those damned fingers slipped into mine! The next thing I remember is finding myself in Waterport Street running and running till I fell down from exhaustion. A policeman picked me up. 'You Englishmen are all alike,' he said, 'when you first come here. You think, because our wine is cheap, you can drink it like beer.'

interested to notice the effect on him. He stood looking at her with his lips twitching; but he hadn't the sense to let go.

"No," he said at last, 'I won't make you swear, little lady.'

"Little lady.' Ha, ha! That gave him away. She'll never be his little lady while I live. She thinks divorce wrong.

"Tom wouldn't hurt me," she declared; and then she caught at my hand.

"There is a limit to self-control. I flung her hand aside and rushed from the room. He followed me, struck me; flung me down the steps of my own bungalow; swore to

"Wherever I went that accursed hand followed me; took away the wine of life whenever the goblet was at my lips. At Marseilles, for instance, there was a doddering American; an old, old man, 'seeing the world,' and carrying much money with him. He went over in the little steamer to see the Château d'If. I went too with some confederates. When we were in the dungeons the guide's light was to go out. Then the women would scream and everyone would rush everywhere, and in the confusion I would have the old fool's pocket-book. But the moment the light went out the hand got in mine! . . . My confederates said that I was pretending madness, and I think they would have knifed me; but there was a little Italian girl who got between us. It was *her* hand, she said; but when I held her arms to her sides, that fiendish hand still stroked my hair. I think I nearly did go mad then.

"It was the same everywhere abroad. After a time I heard that my wife was in England and went home. The British Consul provided her with plenty of money, pretending that it came from the settlement of my affairs.

"I decided to go and see her; perhaps even forgive her if she promised not to paw me. It would be humorous to use her as a conduit-pipe to convey his money to me I thought.

"She had two servants—a man and wife—who were like two dragons. The man had been servant to the Consul fellow when he was in the Army; not a big man, but hard and long-armed; a prize-fighting gorilla. I had to dispose of him before I dared go to the house.

"I found out his ways, bought a stout cudgel, and waited in the lane when he went home at night. He must have had a very thick skull. The blow *ought* to have killed him, but he was only stunned. However, it kept him out of the way for the time and I went off to the house; but the woman slammed the door in my face; and the police came, carrying the gorilla man. They passed not three yards away from where I lurked behind a shrub; and just then that devilish hand seized my fingers and I screamed and ran. I might have got away, but the hand turned me toward the doctor who was hurrying along to the house. He threw himself at my legs and brought me down.

"I made up my mind from the first that I must pretend to be mad. There was no other way out of it. And here I am. They think I'm mad; but I'm saner than any of them; and cleverer. I could get out any day if I liked, and steal a disguise, and go away. Why don't I? Ah! You see, there's the hand! This is the one place it can't come to. If it did—? It can't, sir. It can't. Suppose it could? If it came this very moment—?

And tried to throw me over that cliff—! It *can't*, can it? Why don't you answer me? You aren't sure? You look as if you were keeping something back. Have you seen it anywhere?

"What? . . . Where? . . . Behind me! . . . Something touched me! . . . The hand! . . . The hand!"

At the inquest the ex-Consul was quite unable to account for Fletcher's sudden rush for the cliff.

"I made repeated efforts to catch hold of him," he said, "but he made a fresh spurt at every touch of my hand!"



AT JUAN-LE-PINS: MISS ELANORA WECKBAUGH

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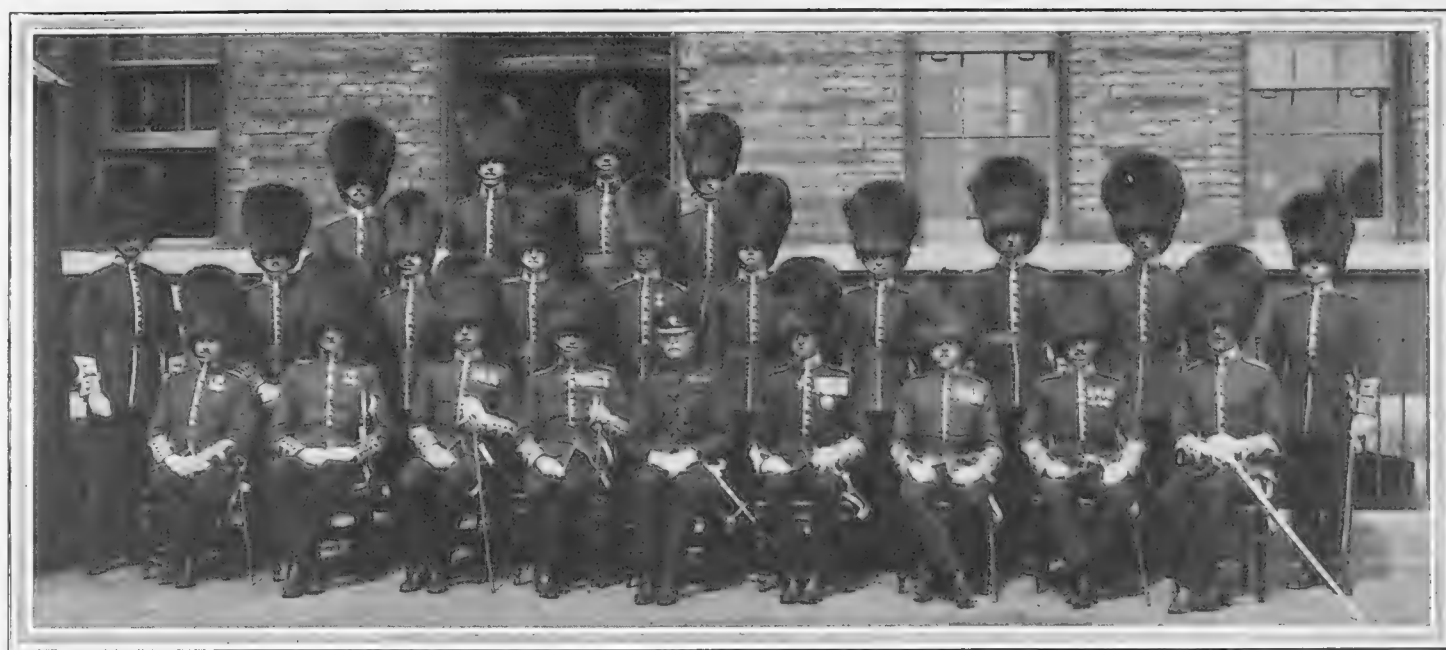
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The names in this group are, left to right: Top row—Lieut. A. Gilroy, 2nd Lieut. J. Chamberlain, Lieut. I. N. McC. Tubbs, 2nd Lieut. J. E. H. Tollemache; middle row—Captain G. F. Forestier-Walker, Lieut. Count P. F. de Salis, Lieut. R. L. Hare, Lieut. M. E. B. Portal, Lieut. Sir J. G. Carew-Pole, Bt., Lieut. H. M. A. Sanford, Captain G. Whitaker, Lieut. E. T. Wyatt, 2nd Lieut. D. W. A. W. Forbes, Lieut. E. R. Hill; front row—Captain A. R. Clare Smith, Captain J. N. P. Lascelles, Major J. C. Wynne-Finch, M.C., Colonel C. P. Heywood, C.M.G., D.S.O., Lieut.-General Sir Alfred E. Codrington, K.C.B., K.C.V.O., Lieut.-Colonel A. G. C. Dawnay, C.B.E., D.S.O., Major F. Longueville, D.S.O., M.C., Major W. G. Shaw-Stewart, M.C., Captain and Adjutant N. W. Gwatkin

Perennial Questions.

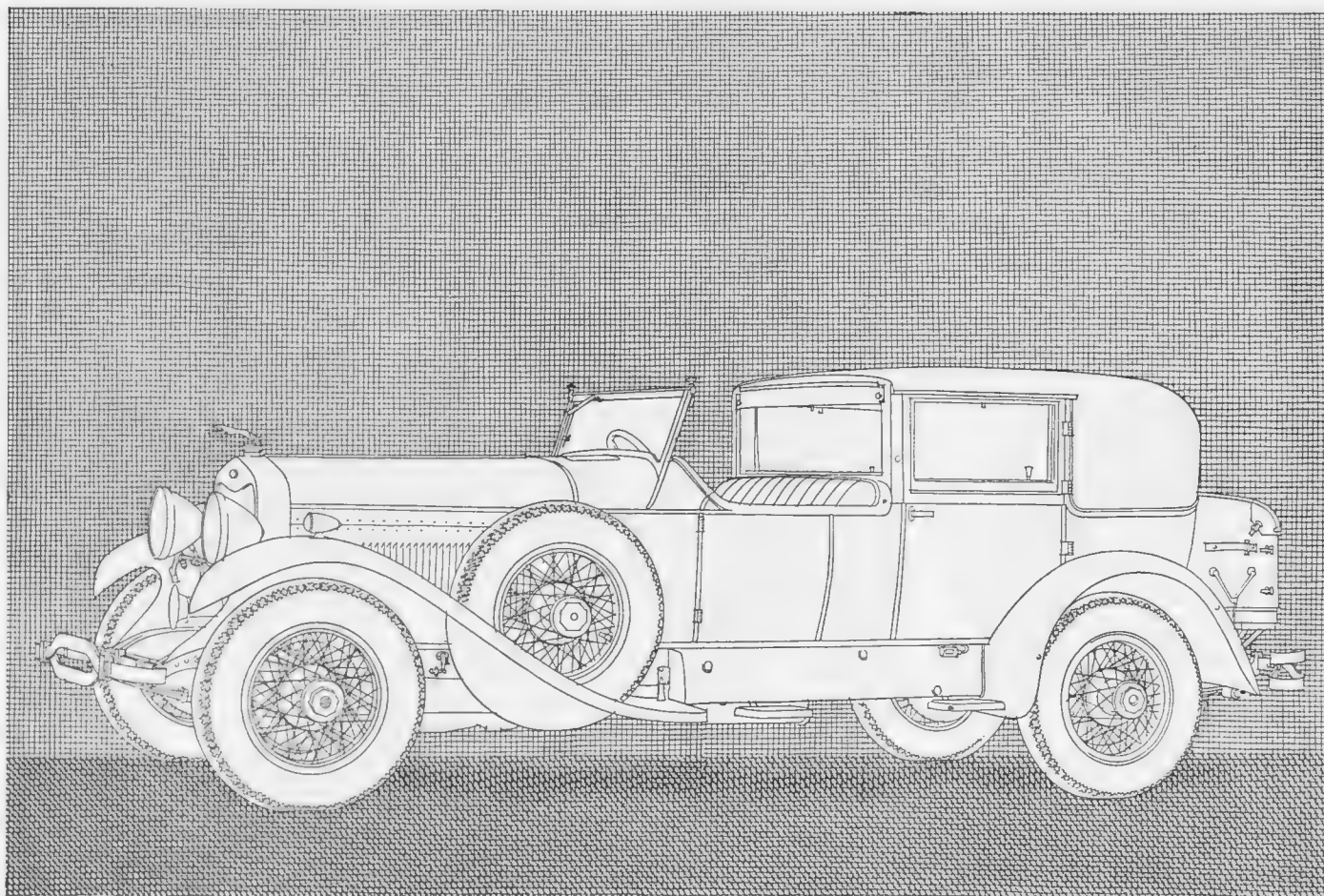
IS it not about time that the rationalization of which we hear so much in the industrial sense was applied to the matter of driving licences? The law demands that the licence shall be produced on request, this being a joke that can be played upon us by any rank of policeman from a superintendent downwards. The law, of course, in this case is very much a "h'ass," and was evidently drawn up by legal luminaries who never appreciated (1) that car drivers would quite frequently change their clothes, and therefore all licences generally kept on the person would be liable to get left at home; (2) that possessors of licences might not always be driving the same car, and might even have two vehicles of their own. Consequently, to keep the document in the pocket of the car rather than in the pocket of one's personal trousers might be to imply taking a risk. Furthermore, it may be noted there is to-day in existence a curious type of sneak-thief who will take anything out of a car, even though it may be of absolutely no value to himself. By way of digression I may mention that recently some of these gentry have relieved me of a parcel of papers that could be of no possible interest to anyone except myself, and also, of all things, a starting handle. As far as I am aware this latter will fit one car and one car only. So that its utility and marketable value must be negligible. I almost hesitate to claim on the insurance company for its replacement, because I am so terribly afraid that they will write and tell me that I have forfeited my "No Claim" bonus, for they will do this on any excuse. However, to return to the driving licence question. Why cannot the "powers that be" who rule us by "regulations" and "Orders in Council," and almost anything else except Acts of Parliament, issue an authoritative command that he shall be held innocent of failing to produce his licence whose licence is in fact up-to-date and producible within reasonable time? In the home counties, according to my experience, the police are tolerant, and when one is pinched for some offence and the licence, of course, is demanded, one usually gets a period of twenty-four hours in which to produce it. This is common-sense, but it is not the law. For my own part I keep my driving licence amongst my collars and ties in the drawer of a dressing-table, and not long ago I was, in consequence, not able to show it when called upon to do so by a zealous policeman. However, for once in a way the "great unpaid" took a merciful view and dismissed the case against me. But there are many parts of the country in which I should almost have

certainly been fined anything up to a sovereign. In the principality of Wales, the authorities, it would appear, take regular action in this matter of driving licences. About every quarter, or it may be half year, they police every road in such sort that you must be very clever indeed if you can wangle a way through the cordon. At Merthyr a jolly sergeant and his unstriped minion nabbed me, for I was, as usual, licenceless. To these I explained that in my part of the country there was a time allowance in these affairs. Upon this he asserted that he never heard of any such thing, and this with an ingenuousness that carried with it the conviction of truth, "He had 'is instructions," etc., etc. I said I would forward him my licence and, like a man and a brother, he wrote on a page of his note-book his name and his entirely unpronounceable address. I was now in a fix, for the twenty-four hours' rule could not apply. There was no one at home and the house was shut up. It was, therefore, some time before I could get him the assurance that I was legally entitled to drive a motor-car. In return, however, I received the comforting statement that all was in order, and I should hear no more about the matter, which shows that the Welsh police are not only sensible but good sportsmen. Yet I could not help feeling that whilst I by good fortune got kindly treatment in Wales, someone in an exactly similar predicament might be getting soaked in one of those cheerful courts of law (not of justice) where the commission of a ridiculously trifling offence is regarded as a useful source of local revenue.

With the unlicensed driver I have no sympathy whatever, though I readily grant that it is easy enough to forget when the thing is due for renewal. Five shillings a year is not a swinging tax, and the mean spirits that try to dodge it deserve what they get. By the way, is it not curious how county authorities differ in the formats of driving licences? When I was in the London area I had a nicely bound little booklet with plenty of spare leaves for endorsements, which incidentally was useful as a wallet for notes, but now that I am in Berkshire I get for my dollar only a miserable sheet of paper. It has no cover, no binding, not even deckle edges, and effective though it may be it looks a poor thing for the money. When the new law comes into force and driving licences include a third-party insurance policy, it is to be hoped that all such muniments will be nicely got up in a dignified, artistic, and presentable manner, so that we may be encouraged to cherish them and not to hide them away in one of those safe places which are so safe that we cannot even find them ourselves.

(Continued on p. x)

WE INVITE YOU TO KNOW



THE MAYTHORN COUPÉ DE VILLE

THE LINCOLN

Would you like a personal acquaintance with as fine a motor car as it is possible to produce? 1 1 With a car that is built to standards of scientific precision previously considered unattainable? 1 1 With a car whose chassis and body are constructed more carefully and more accurately than can be said of any other product known to industry? 1 1 With a motor car whose upholstering, body building and finishing are completed without regard to time or expense? 1 1 With a car that is given far greater strength and stamina to endure than may ever be required? 1 1 With a car so stalwart in all its parts that bodily safety

and mental restfulness are assured? 1 1 With the car that is guarded by a world-wide chain of depots staffed and equipped to serve quickly and willingly? 1 1 With the car which is chosen increasingly by that clientele throughout the world who are satisfied only by the most sincere, the most worthy product that it is possible to produce? 1 1 Such a car is the Lincoln, and—wherever you may live—a Lincoln will gladly be brought to your home so that you may test and witness its superb qualities 1 1 Lincoln Division, Ford Motor Company Limited, 88 Regent Street, London, S.W.1 1 1

THE LINCOLN



Miss Molly Gourlay arming herself for the fray at Leeds Castle, where golf and tennis tourneys in aid of the Kent County Playing Fields' Association attracted many famous persons. The English Champion defends her title at Aldeburgh at the end of next month

HOLIDAY golf is upon us. For the next week or two the lordly ones of the golfing world may rest on their oars or their laurels or whatever else happens to provide them with an easy couch, or they may condescend to some of those frivolous golfing enterprises which delight smaller fry all the year round.

Now it is quite certain that all of us, whether we are lordly ones or very small fry indeed, will play a variety of fresh people if we really undertake a golfing holiday, and between some of them and some of us there may be no known system of handicapping which will accurately bridge the gulf. They (or we) may be erratic. We may be total strangers and unpossessed of that *pass-partout*, an L.G.U. handicap. Or we may be of the opposite sex, and a little bit touchy about what is the right thing to ask for or offer.

Bisques may be a temporary expedient, or that rather unsatisfactory arrangement when whoever is two up gives a stroke at the next hole, and goes on giving until the lead is reduced to one. The trouble of that always is that you may give several strokes and also receive them, and *how* on earth are you to describe such a match afterwards. And *what* on earth is the good of playing a match you cannot talk about, minute description of golf played or witnessed being an indulgence which everybody (except a golfing journalist on holiday!) dearly loves.

Here is a suggestion for matches against the unknown quantity or the erratic player, proved by personal experiment to be quite efficacious. Let the erratic opponent play any one of her shots at each hole over again, or if that turns out to be too much, then at a certain stipulated number of holes. The privilege may be useless, the repeated shot may be worse than the first, and it should be understood that the second shot is not "provisional," the receiver of odds must definitely say "I will have that shot over again." That is the point of it all. This stroke is no dole, but wages for work.

EVE at GOLF

A New Way to Give Old Strokes

By ELEANOR E. HELME

Consider the possibilities; the first fault at tennis is barren of opportunities compared with it. Think of that miserable drive which has buried itself in the depths of the nearest bunker; you have it again and hit (let us hope) a soaring shot away down the fairway. Or perhaps all has gone well up to the hole, so that no shot has been repeated, but you miss a short putt. Here is your second chance, you may try again.

Well now, my experiment of this method proved that the odds were a little insufficient, my opponent not having touched a club for a matter of nearly two years. So we determined to amplify the scheme. Not only should she be able to repeat one of her shots each hole but she might also call upon me to repeat one of mine. A scheme of terrible possibilities. Imagine that for once in a long while you had carried that mighty cross bunker against the wind; with a fiendish grin your opponent says "You'll just play that shot over again, please!" Horrors! You know you never can repeat that shot. Or you have put a full iron moderately adjacent to the hole, or you have sunk a long putt. That malignant smile dawns on the face of your opponent, "I recall that shot." Of course if one should repeat the shot—and what man has done we know man can do—the smile is on your side, but it would be a strain, a great strain, and I wonder how many even of the best players would stand up to it. It would be interesting to see. For myself I had no chance to try. Full of this scheme, my opponent and I descended the steps of Turnberry late one evening when the course was empty, bent on probing its possibilities. We were too late, our clubs had been

locked up in the shop; we were indisposed to scale the heights in search of charitable souls who might have lent us theirs, there was nothing for it but to do one of the hundred and one other enchanting things which there are to be done at Turnberry besides play golf.

So we are still arguing on paper whether the scheme would have worked, how many times her repeated shot or my recalled one would have won or halved her a hole, or how many times she might have shown no improvement, I no deterioration, at the second chance. (Incidentally, of course, she might have won plenty of holes without any repeats or recalls, that being her kind of golf, as brilliant one moment as bad the next.) We have had no chance to try. For, let it just be noted, to play shots over again is not the way to make yourself popular if the course is crowded; I can even picture you being gently required by a ranger to desist, or requested by a committee to resign. But for the empty course, what an entertainment. And what fun to picture some of the best players engaged in the game under those conditions. I fancy that both Miss Fishwick and Miss Enid Wilson could have their shots recalled again and again with impunity, for those two maintain a level of consistency which seems to repeat a shot almost mechanically. One would recall them in vain. Miss Wethered, Miss Collett, Miss Gourlay, these are more brilliant, surely they could not repeat their most sparkling shots to order. I wonder. I should be a little afraid to make Miss Wethered repeat any shot of hers up to the hole; the second time it might actually go down.



Lord Cholmondeley and Mrs. Ray Atherton were partners in the Mixed Foursomes at Leeds Castle, near Maidstone. Mrs. Atherton was Miss Maud Hunnewell before her marriage



*The Finest Whisky
on 'Record'*

The Highway of Fashion : By M. E. BROOKE

Fashions that are Kind.

THE French creators of Fashion have shown great acumen in the designing of their new models, inasmuch as they have eliminated the rather crude lines of last season. Fashion may be compared to Life; there is a certain cruelty about youth as it is determined to achieve its end at whatever cost, and so is a new Fashion; time has a mellowing effect on both, therefore the frock and wraps for the autumn are kinder and more helpful to the average silhouette than they were; as a matter of fact it is possible for the art of the dressmaker to make difficult figures graceful and beautiful. It will be recalled that a totally new line was introduced in the spring. Another point to be emphasized is that dresses need far more work, although the result is perfectly simple. Cut reigns supreme even in frocks that in the hand appear mere wisps of fabric.

Fashions from Paris.

As Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, ever believe in taking time by the forelock, they are showing the advance guard of their autumn models which have come hot-foot from Paris. Generally speaking, evening dresses clear the ground pleasantly, so that no complications need occur when dancing. Agnes has contributed to this collection a white romaine dress with icicle lights; the neckline is finished with a rounded modestie of silver lace; an important feature is the enormous butterfly embroidered in crystal, the body is in the centre of the dress, the wings clasping the figure firmly. The back is cut in a "V" which extends to the waist-line, and is finished with a crystal motif. Sage-green lace makes a Molyneux *chef d'œuvre*, the corsage is arranged with a pointed frill which suggests a bolero; this is very becoming, as the material apparently "hugs" the hips, giving them the much-to-be-desired neat appearance; the scheme is completed with narrow shoulder-straps and a shaped lace scarf which, in the distance, is reminiscent of a *fichu*.

The Backless Cape.

There are many black frocks in Debenham and Freebody's collection; included in it is one from Patou expressed in black georgette. An important feature is the cape, the centre of which is cut away, only the hem remaining; the lower portion of the skirt is arranged with organ pleats; each one is put in separately and then stitched (think of the



This tennis week-end case comes from the Revelation Suit Company, 170, Piccadilly, W. One or more tennis racquets may be strapped to the lid, and there is space for shoes, blazer, etc. (See p. ii)



"La Dame Blanche" is the name that Worth has given to this lovely evening dress. It is carried out in snow-white organdi, and the spiral flounce is embroidered with black beads. The modish bolero note is present in the corsage

amount of work that this entails); this ensures the sides remaining quite flat. Rouge et Noir is the name of a black marocain Lanvin model; it is cut almost on princess lines enriched with "sword-edge" appliques arranged in narrow horizontal panels. A red chiffon scarf is thrown over the shoulders and loosely knotted on the left side. Another evening affair from Lucile Paray is carried out in the new embroidery-lace; a sleeveless and backless coatee give it an indelible cachet. Lucien Lelong is responsible for a black lace evening dress as well as for a veritable triumph of the couturier's art which he considers suitable for hotel wear; it is made of true forget-me-not blue georgette; there are gaugings in front of the corsage as well as on the skirt. The fabricating medium is drawn away from the front; the hips are supported, as it were, and the drapery is caught with a large bow some inches below the knees at the back; this is a decidedly novel note.

Fashions for Day Wear.

There is no possible chance that long skirts will come into their own for day wear. Coats sufficiently long to nearly touch the ground are anathema in the eyes of the leaders of Fashion, and so are dresses which extend two or three inches below the shorter coat. Therefore dresses for afternoon wear will be three or four inches below the knees; naturally the length will have to be considered in conjunction with the silhouette of the prospective wearer. There are many interesting Parisian models at Debenham and Freebody's. Standing out with prominence is one from Lucile Paray; it is of lily-of-the-valley-leaf green crêpe mongol; it is plain over the hips, the *clou* of this creation being the rather full-shaped flounce which begins some inches below the knees. Now regarding the corsage there is a yoke at the back

the apex of which reaches the normal waist-line; in front the yoke forms a draped *fichu* the ends of which are decorated with buttons. Another interesting feature is present in the long sleeves; they have a turned-back effect in the vicinity of the elbows ornamented with buttons.

(Continued on p. ii)

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

Hair that has lost its lustre? A skin that is tired and lined? Unsuspected constipation is at its deadly work — sapping your beauty away



Few women realise that constipation is fatal to beauty. The poisons from a clogged food canal are absorbed into the bloodstream and circulated all over the body. Think what this means. Your skin is starved of healthy blood, muddled by poison which should have been dismissed long ago. The tiny muscles of face and neck are weakened. Hair, eyes, voice, and step all lose their vitality. Constipation leads to premature old age.

There is not the slightest excuse for such a condition to-day. The purpose of Eno is not so much to "cure" constipation as to see that your foodways never become congested. Unlike the harsh and dangerous purgatives which are the refuge of the ignorant, the action of Eno's "Fruit Salt" is entirely natural and harmless. Eno ensures punctual and complete elimination and gives your good looks their best protection.

Eno costs 1/6 and (double quantity) 2/6. The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued



AN AUTUMN ENSEMBLE

Carried out in a new material in which wool and artificial silk are present. The frock is cut on straight lines, which is becoming to the figure, and has panels of knife-pleats at the sides, the scheme being completed with a narrow belt. The coat is lined with artificial silk and collared with nutria-lamb. Dickins and Jones', Regent Street, W.

Pin-tucking and Fagot-stitching.

No one can fail to be interested in a *chef d'œuvre* from Millet Sœurs as it is a perfect exponent of the charm of elaborate simplicity. It is of black georgette, pin-tucking being arranged in geometrical and spider-web designs; there is a narrow vest in front which is more or less concealed by knife-pleated frills; the jabot is outlined with lace; the plain, almost tight-fitting sleeves are slit up nearly to the elbows, the edges being finished with fine stitching. Black crêpe mongol has been employed by Bernard for his contribution to the Debenham and Freebody collection. The white crêpe de chine vest collar and cuffs is ornamented with fagot-stitching; braid embroidery appears on the collar and two narrow wings of the same project from the under-arm seam from the wrist to the elbow.

Just What "Revelation" Means.

It is not until a Revelation suit-case has become an old and trusted friend that one is able to fully appreciate its manifold advantages. They can be adjusted to the exact size required and will serve for a week-end or a month. A new fabric known by the name of revelex is being used for them; it is stronger than fabric and lighter than leather, and is of an attractive deep-blue colour—they are likewise available in pigskin and crocodile. Illustrated on p. 284 is a tennis week-end case; it is constructed in such a manner that one or more tennis racquets can be strapped to the lid, and there is also space for shoes, blazer, and other tennis paraphernalia. Fully expanded there is ample accommodation for everything necessary for a week-end visit. Attention must be drawn to the picnic cases that can be adapted for use by two, four, six, or eight people. They are made on the expanding principle, and the fittings include china cups, plates, stainless knives, forks, and spoons, a thermos flask, milk flask, butter pot, and sandwich case. The Revelation Suit Company are responsible for expanding hat and shoe cases; they have three compartments which hold hats and shoes firmly but without crushing. A collapsible tray which lies in the lid will when opened hold a large quantity of clothes. The G.H.Q. of the Revelation Suit-cases is 170, Piccadilly, W.; they are sold by stores and other shops of prestige.

An Autumn Ensemble.

The evenings by slow degrees are shortening, and women are realizing the fact that even should we be visited by another heat-wave it will be of short duration, and as a consequence an autumn ensemble is an indispensable occupant of their wardrobe. Unique value is represented in the model portrayed on the left of this page; it comes from Dickins and Jones', Regent Street, W., and is available for £6 19s. 6d. The dress is of a new material in which artificial silk and wool are present; it is light but warm; the skirt is arranged with panels of knife-pleats at the sides; the coat is lined with artificial silk and is reinforced with a nutria-lamb collar. The colours are beige, brown, green, wine, new blue, and navy, and the sizes, S.W., W., and Y.W., and O.S. The number of occasions on which it may

appropriately be worn cannot be over-estimated, and as the coat is of a non-committal character it will look well with any dress or a skirt and blouse. Another ensemble which this firm have designed and carried out in autumn tweed is 6½ guineas. It consists of a long coat and skirt and is available in brown and brown-red mixtures. All interested in holiday needs must write for the catalogue; it will gladly be sent gratis and post free.

When Blisters Arrive.

Nothing can be more painful than sunburn, especially when the skin is blistered and broken. There is such a simple remedy, and that is the white of egg. It must be lightly beaten with the three first fingers of the right hand and spread over the affected parts; this forms a mask and should be allowed to remain on until the inflammation has subsided; this may take half-an-hour or two hours, it all depends on the acuteness of the sunburn. When the pain has disappeared the egg may be removed with cotton-wool steeped in tepid water, then Elizabeth Arden's (25, Old Bond Street, W.) Velva Cream must be used. It must not be rubbed into the skin, but smoothed lightly on. It must be related that sunburn coarsens and injures the skin, and the deeper-seated it is the longer it takes to correct—the sun and wind rob the skin of its vital oils. Those who wish to acquire the modish tanned appearance can do so by using Miss Arden's bronzed preparations. She will be pleased to send details of the treatments (they may be done at home) for the brunette, the medium brunette, and the blonde.

The Protecta Cream.

Some contend that the face should never be washed with water, nevertheless there are few women who can refrain from splashing their faces or burying them in a wet sponge during the morning ablution. Miss Arden agrees with me that it is impossible to cure the majority of what she whimsically calls this bad habit, therefore she has evolved a treatment for overcoming the unpleasant results. It is this: that directly the bath is over, the face be treated with Cleansing Cream, a small piece should be placed on cotton-wool which has been generously sprinkled with Skin Tonic prior to which it has been steeped in water. Subsequently the Ardena Protecta Cream (10s. 6d. per tube) must be used. In addition to protecting the skin, as its name implies, it imparts a smooth bloom which is maintained throughout the day, no matter whether the time be spent in swimming, sports, or resting on the beach. It must be diluted; this can be done by placing it on cotton-wool moistened with Skin Tonic. It must be spread evenly over the face, which must then be lightly dusted with powder. To put the matter in a nutshell, Cleansing Cream persuades the pores to give up their harvest of dust and dirt that may have spent hours in collecting. Velva Cream supplies the correct amount of sustenance needed; the Protecta Cream is an ideal guardian, while the Skin Tonic is the luxury that cools and refreshes the skin no matter how over-heated it may be.

Under FILM are glorious white teeth



Film that is found by dental research to discolour teeth and invite serious tooth and gum disorders.

You must remove Film to be better protected. Try the special Film-removing dentifrice

BEING asked to try Pepsodent tooth paste will be of greatest interest to you *if your teeth decay—if teeth are stained, discoloured.* You will be interested, because Pepsodent tooth paste is made to combat film more effectively than any other method known.

There is but one way known to better safeguard teeth. You must remove a slippery stubborn film that covers them. It clings so tenaciously that the most vigorous brushing fails to dislodge it successfully.

To-day dentists advise the special film-removing dentifrice—Pepsodent. It acts in an utterly different way. You will note that difference the instant it touches your teeth.

First Pepsodent curdles film and then REMOVES IT SAFELY. No pumice, no harmful grit, but a scientific action that recommends it for the most sensitive teeth and gums.

There is only one Pepsodent. You will want to try it for the sake of lovelier, healthier teeth. Get a tube from your chemist to-day.

Pepsodent MARK
TRADE

The Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.

3387

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New "Bradley" Fur Models for all occasions (designed for the coming winter season), may be seen in our Salons. Summer Prices end 13th September.

The above Model is in Natural Russian Coltskin.

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Ten minutes' Taxi from the Hyde Park Hotel.

Radio Sets Disguised as Work-tables

Decorative Art Applied to Modern Entertainment

By EAMON GARRY

Listening-in has now become such a universal practice that the services of decorative artists are being evoked to design cabinets that disguise their true character by fitting in with the furnishing or decoration schemes of the room. This and other similar facts show that the radio trade can only—and does—advance as the B.B.C. services progress. As the B.B.C. is adding to the popularity of its service and bringing radio entertainment into the homes of the wealthy and cultured class in addition to those of the more general public, the radio trade has taken the necessary steps to cater for that class with cabinets designed to appeal to the æsthetic taste.

This subject of cabinet-design, as supplementary to radio entertainment, is surprisingly interesting. It reveals novelty, ingenuity, and artistry applied to the question of woodwork. It shows the psychology in decorative schemes. It proves that the eye-gate is as direct a route to the mind as the ear-gate. One of the latest devices of the radio cabinet-maker is to fit the "innards" of the set into an existing piece of furniture. The set-builder will visit the drawing-room or the library and build the set into a bureau-drawer or a dummy row of books in the bookcase. He will take a carved Gothic cupboard and, without affecting its external appearance whatever, convert it into a radio set. He will transform the interior of a lacquered Chinese cabinet into a full-volume five-valve semi-portable. Thus is the ancient coupled with the modern, does East meet West.

One well-known peer has commissioned a radio manufacturer to fit a super-range set in the drawer of his secretary's desk with the loud-speaker in his own study. Whenever my Lord wants to relax from his studies he instructs his secretary to switch him on to the opera at Milan or a Paris orchestral concert or our own B.B.C. chamber music.

The wife of an eminent Church dignitary has had a radio set fixed in the nursery so that her children can enjoy the Children's Hour, the dance music, and some of the fairy plays that are radiocast. The cabinet was made shallow and lacquered a bright, cheerful red, with a few nursery-rhyme characters enamelled in. It was built into a row of shelves that ran just under the window, and was just low enough for the eldest child to reach but too high for any of the children to be injured by barging into it while romping in play. Another radio enthusiast is a very active Member of Parliament, and he also has had a set specially

constructed for him. It is the top part of a low octagonal table, the bottom part being shelved for books. It is just the right height for the reading-lamp that is fitted into the top. A small sliding panel hides the dial which is let into one of the eight sides of the table. There the M.P. sits and reads, with soft radiocast music as a soothing background to thought.

The entry of women into the realm of listeners is having a marked effect on radio-set design. The first sign of this was the introduction of jelly-acid in portables, because the ordinary housewife objected to her carpets being ruined by liquid being spilled on them. With the advent of the wealthy woman the set-designers are going several steps further.

They will now allow my lady to select the kind of set she desires and then have it enamelled or lacquered any colour she wishes to harmonize with the decoration of her boudoir. She can, further, select the kind of set she wishes from the point of view of power, and then have it encased in a cabinet of any design that will synchronize with the period furniture of her dining- or drawing-room. Cabinets with Jacobean furnishing or Sheraton legs are constructed with faithful sympathy to the room which will house them.

One well-known Society hostess has had a long-range receiving-set built into the very fine Georgian hall-stand that is such an excellent piece of furniture of her house. The glove-box conceals its four valves, and it feeds controllable loud-speakers situated in the dining-room, the library, and her own withdrawing room.

Another lady, whose political speeches have singled her out as one of our most eloquent Members of Parliament, has combined the virtues of work, study, and entertainment in one piece of furniture. She has had what she calls "a work-table" constructed which stands in her study. Its top surface is leather-lined and is used as a writing desk. This is hinged in the centre; one side when lifted up reveals a pink, satin-lined work-basket—complete with every kind of sewing material and implement; the other side when lifted up discloses a fine latest-type radio set. Two of the outsides of the stand are shelved for books.

The significance of all these developments is that the radio manufacturers can only move as fast as the B.B.C. Never yet has there been any sign of the B.B.C. making an advancement which found the radio trade unprepared to pass on to the listening public. To a certain well-defined extent the radio manufacturers are ahead of the B.B.C.

The photographs taken at Viceregal Lodge Garden Party and the County Meath Show on p. 254 of this issue should have been acknowledged to Vivian Poole, Dublin.



The Danger Point!

Life without a foot ache—without a trace of tiredness or strain—can you imagine it? Life would be like that—but for the Danger Point.

The Danger Point is where your shoes "let you down"—giving no support for the delicate foot-arches.

Church's Arch-Moulded Shoes are reinforced at the Danger Point with marvellous hidden springs. To wear them is a new experience—new life for your feet! All fashionable styles and every conceivable fitting—from shoemen everywhere.

**CHURCH'S
ARCH-MOULDED
SHOES**

Support your feet at the danger point!

Obtainable from leading shoe stores.

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Keep a box by your bedside!

When you awake does your throat feel constricted or parched? That is a sign of "morning mouth." An "Allenburys" Pastille sucked immediately on waking brings a sweet cleanness to the mouth and a contented throat. The juice of fresh ripe black currants, together with pure glycerine, make them so delightfully refreshing.

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Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

8d. and 1/3 per box from chemists.

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Prinsuède is recognised as the perfect suède for all outdoor occasions. It is wind-proof, and weatherproof, light in weight, and so flexible that it ensures perfect freedom of movement and complete comfort in wear.

Prinsuède costumes are cut and tailored to an elegance of line hitherto unknown in suède garments. The delightful costume illustrated is the ideal ensemble for the moors—coat of Prinsuède with trimmings and skirt of the famous Delatex Weatherproof Tweed.

Prinsuède garments are obtainable from all leading Fashion Houses and Stores.

We also invite you to write for our complete illustrated catalogue showing range of Dela models including Silk Waterproofs, Suède and Leather coats and costumes. Post free on request from:—

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The Suède of Super Quality

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"THE SKETCH" says:—

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Treatment for Tired Lined Eyes

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Is a well-known doctor's prescription. It cools and whitens the most irritable skin, making it look soft and fair; it prevents Sunburn, Freckles and irritation of the skin, and is made up in different shades to suit all skins. Can be used as a liquid powder, 5/6, 7/6 and 10/6.

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Removes superfluous hair by the roots, leaving the skin smooth and white. Easy to apply, perfectly safe, and recommended by doctors. 10/6.

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Keeps the face in shape and the mouth closed during sleep; also removes double chins. 21/6 and 25/6.

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DIABLE SKIN TONIC.

Tones and strengthens the skin, contracts the pores, and ensures a complexion of finest texture. 5/6, 7/6, 10/6 and 21/6.

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REDUCTION**

Following her usual
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will make a

10%

Reduction off all Treatments and Preparations during this month only.

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5, Rue Cambon, Paris; 2, Place Louise, Brussels; Switzers, Dublin; Hague and Cologne
Under Royal Patronage. Recommended by the Medical Profession.

Ladies' Kennel Association Notes

The office will be closed from August 1 till August 31. Mrs. Trelawney is going to the Pyrenees for her holiday, but will be back in England after August 19, and will deal with all correspondence after that date, but the office itself will not be reopened till September 1. We all wish Mrs. Trelawney a good rest after all her hard work and an amusing time, which does one more good than a rest.

It is an amusing comment on the abilities of the British as breeders of animals, that Mrs. Gatacre, herself a Dutch lady, writes in a recent number of *Our Dogs* that she wishes to find the best Keeshond on the Continent. She says, "This will not be an easy job, as the standard on the Continent is getting below our English standard." The Baroness Burton has some Keeshond pups for sale, and sends a photograph. Keeshonds make splendid companions, they are most handsome, intelligent, and particularly good with children and have the natural instinct for cleanliness of all prick-eared curly-tailed dogs.



KEESHOND PUPPY

The property of Baroness Burton

I am always pleased to hear from any member who is abroad, so am glad to quote a letter I have received from Mrs. Brownrigg from Hong Kong enclosing a photograph of what she calls Chinese (or Tibetan) Lion dogs. These dogs, from the photograph, are obviously of the same origin as the Lhasa terriers, especially, as Mrs. Brownrigg says, "These dogs were bought in Pekin. In the sixteenth century dogs of this breed were sent by the Tibetan Lamas as presents to the Manchu Emperor at Pekin." Mrs. Brownrigg adds, "We sent the two little dogs home in April and they are at the Blue Cross Kennels, Charlton, near Woolwich. We thought we should be returning this summer,



TIBETAN LION DOGS

The property of Mrs. Brownrigg

more clever, more original, and with a more whole-souled devotion to "Master." Added to this they have good looks, are very hardy, of a conveniently small size, and up to any sport, so no wonder they are to be seen everywhere. Also at present the showing of Cairns is still largely in the hands of amateurs, as up to date the pitfall of over-trimming has been avoided. Miss Bunbury's Cairns are well known. She sends a photograph of her beautiful Ch. Beansith, and another good one, winner of four firsts. She has some puppies to sell, of which Beansith's son is the father and this bitch the mother. With such breeding the pups should be good, but she is more anxious to find good homes for them so the prices asked are very moderate. She also has some older pups for sale and an eighteen-months-old dog. These can all be seen at Farnborough by appointment, or Miss Bunbury will send photographs.

Miss Collier will take two ladies who require thorough tuition in dog management, no rough work. Miss Collier's kennel is well known.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

but will probably not be back till next spring, so are anxious to sell two puppies born in April. Particulars of them can be obtained in London. They are such clever little dogs and extremely amusing, very hardy, as the climate of Pekin has great extremes of heat and cold, and many of them sleep out. We hope next year to exhibit them." These Tibetan or Lhasa dogs are most attractive little things, and it is only the extreme difficulty of getting them that does not make them more popular.

The popularity of the Cairns shows no signs of diminishing, and it will not, as it is founded on character. There is no dog



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★ Truly astounding in action, the "Gypsia" Treatment is guaranteed perfectly harmless—in fact, owing to its astringent properties it softens and beautifies the skin—it produces no redness or irritation whatever.

Commence with this wonderful home treatment AT ONCE. The complete treatment costs only 24/6, and will be forwarded by return of post in plain wrapper upon receipt of remittance. State whether required for face or body. Please cross cheques and postal orders. Order direct from MADAME SUEUR, Sole Distributor for Great Britain, Dept. I, 34, DUKE ST., PICCADILLY, LONDON, S.W.1.

Treatments by Appointment.

★ For removal of hair and down under arms and base of shingle, send stamp for particulars.

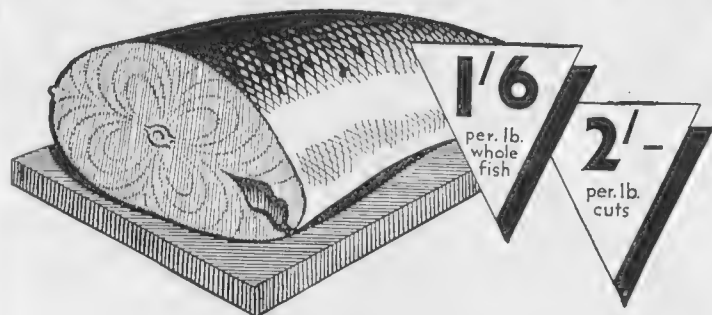
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the beautiful young actress appearing in "The Love Race" at the Gaiety Theatre, writes:—

"IT was on the recommendation of my friend Stanley Lupino that I first took Phosferine—and how much I needed it! Apart from the natural anxiety of winning public favour, stage work is always strenuous and exacting, as we have to constrain our emotions and activities not as we ourselves feel, but as the character impersonated would. The strain is intensified, especially in the more active musical comedy, during hot, sultry weather, and it becomes physically exhausting to keep on the go for successive warm nights to crowded houses. For such lassitude and fatigue I have found Phosferine an infallible remedy. A few drops before or during the performance banishes all feeling of limpness and nerviness, and a dose last thing invariably quiets the nerves and ensures a restful night's sleep. All women workers will find, as I do, that the splendid invigorating effect of Phosferine gives one that admired fresh and youthful complexion, and also enough vitality to enjoy recreations."

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The Greatest of all Tonics for

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From Chemists.

Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

Physicians recommend PHOSFERINE HEALTH SALT as a gentle Tonic aperient. No lassitude, no violent reaction. It tones as it cleanses! Price 1/6—double quantity 2/6 Aldwych



MRS. LAURENCE OLIVIER

Who was formerly Miss Jill Esmond Moore, the daughter of Miss Eva Moore, the well-known actress, was married to Mr. Laurence Olivier on July 25

In India.

Mr. Henry Ferguson Smith, the youngest son of Mr. C. S. Smith, formerly H.M. Consul-General at Barcelona, and of Mrs. C. S. Smith of Clent, and Miss Barbara Tangye, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allan Tangye of Broome, Worcestershire, are being married shortly in India.

Marrying Shortly.

On August 9 Mr. J. N. Peart, B.A., of Epsom College, the fourth son of Mr. A. Peart of Okete, N.Z., is marrying Miss A. H.

Weddings and Engagements

Phillips, the only daughter of Dr. C. H. Phillips of Norbury, and the marriage will take place very quietly at St. Mary's, Headley; another August wedding is that of Mr. Robert Birley and Miss Elinor Frere, which is to be on the 16th, in London, and on September 22 Mr. W. H. Merton, Royal Air Force, and Miss B. H. Beckford Kirby are being married in Winchester Cathedral, by permission of the Dean.

Recently Engaged.

Captain Eric L. Purcell Gilpin, 13th D.C.O. Lancers, the youngest son of the late Mr. P. Purcell Gilpin and Mrs. Purcell Gilpin of Co. Kildare, and Miss Aileen Norah Clinton Thomas, the elder daughter of Brigadier R. H. Thomas, D.S.O., Surveyor-General of India; Mr. Edmund Reginald Walker, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Walker of Ravensthorpe Manor,



CAPTAIN AND MRS. GERARD GOSCHEN

Captain Gerard Goschen is the son of the late Sir Edward Goschen, and his wife was formerly Miss Vivienne de Watteville, the daughter of the late Mr. Bernard de Watteville. [Their wedding took place on July 23]



Hal Linden



MISS C. M. HICKS

Who is engaged to Mr. E. S. Baker, is the elder daughter of Dr. Thomas W. Hicks, M.D. (Lond.), M.B.E., J.P., and Mrs. Hicks of Park House, East Finchley

Thirsk, and Miss Elsa May Kemp, the only daughter of Mrs. Kemp and the late Dr. James Kemp of Brook House, Carbrook, Sheffield; Mr. Bernard Constable Maybury, F.R.C.S., of 45, Queen Anne Street, W., youngest son of Dr. A. V. Maybury of Portsmouth, and Miss Isobel Wilson Lyall, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Lyall, Torbruaad, Turriff, Aberdeenshire; Mr. Alexander Knox Helm, O.B.E., H.M.'s Levant Consular Service, and Miss Florence Isabel Marsh, the only daughter of Mr. Walter Marsh, J.P., and Mrs. Marsh, Tyrwhitt Crescent, Cardiff.

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In Less Time Than It Takes To Don Your Bathing Suit

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That's all there is to it. Not even a shadow remains. And the skin is left as white and smooth as if there never had been any unsightly growth. Perfect results every time, or money refunded.

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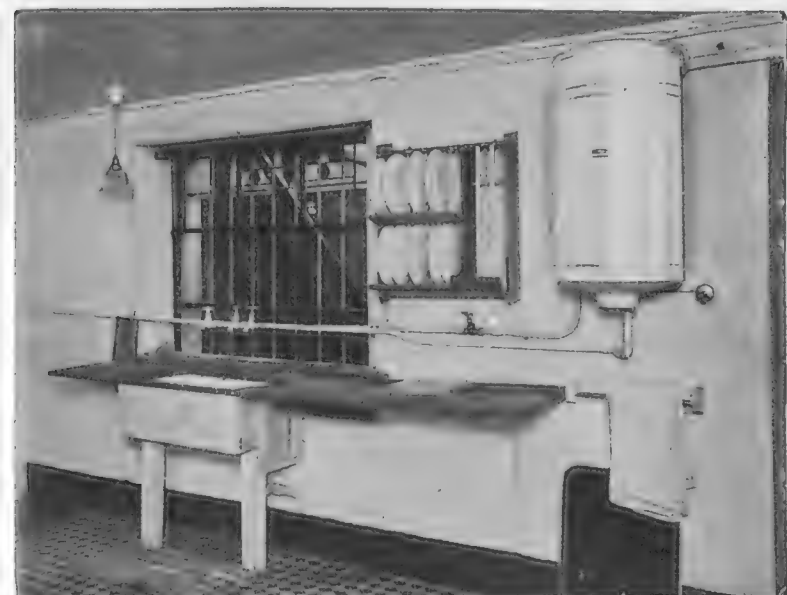
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There is a leader in every field, Britain in the world of speed, CASTROL in motor oils. For twenty years, this lubricant has been acknowledged peerless.

CASTROL will always keep faith.

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WAKEFIELD HOUSE, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

Petrol Vapour—continued

The Great Acknowledgment.

One of the best and most comforting pieces of news that has come my way for a long time is the confirmation that the building of the Austin Seven in America has proved to be a great success. Sir Herbert Austin, who can justly be regarded as both mother and father of the small car, has as anybody can perceive, put a permanent mark upon automobilism in the British Isles. For of all the interesting things to be seen on or beside the highway, the "baby car" to-day is the most clearly visible. It says something for British enterprise that our original "baby car" is now being built both in Germany and in France, and that its recent invasion into the closely-protected market of North America has achieved enormous success. For years our cousins across the Atlantic have got into the habit of laughing at our "baby cars." For quite a long time Sir Herbert Austin has been trying to persuade them that they were wrong. It is characteristic of his persistence and energy that the new factory in Pittsburg is now building Austin Sevens in quantity, and the plain fact of the matter is this, that quickly as they come out from the doors of that establishment they still do not come out quickly enough to satisfy the demand. The country that once laughed at light cars is now evidently only too ready to devour them. It is not often that Britain is able to claim that its engineers, at difference with the rest of the world, have nevertheless been right. But here at least we have a case in point. Those who jeered not only remain to applaud but come along to buy. That the existence of good roads plays its part is undeniable, but even so is the universal utility of the "baby car." I believe that, after all, my transport dream will come true. It is only the little fellow that can do the trick.

Sure Favourite.

A car that I have lately been using "to my great content" is the 6-cylinder Morris Isis, the largest model that comes from the Cowley works. I understand that it was primarily designed for the satisfaction of Overseas requirements, and I doubt not that in that very laudable sphere of activity it is doing well, but however that may be it has very evidently caught on tightly with the British motoring public. In one run which I did recently down a great main road I counted eleven Isises (the plural is rather difficult) within about an hour, which is ample indication that there are plenty of them in commission. And it cannot be denied that the Isis deserves its vogue. It is a very sweet and pleasant car to drive or to ride in, and it is totally devoid of vices. It is by no means a racer—according to the stop-watch 65 m.p.h. is about its limit (the one I timed was well-stricken in mileage and, I believe, amongst the first turned out)—but the point that matters is that, given fair roads, it will stick on fifty all day without the least sign of distress. In one six-hour jaunt Mrs. P. V. and I averaged 38 m.p.h., taking no note of the time spent in Hereford in buying raspberries—and this is the place *par excellence* for that delectable fruit.

Motor Notes and News

Messrs. C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., informs us that as an all-British firm their Indian branch have been granted a Warrant of Appointment as Suppliers of Lubricants to His Excellency the Governor of the Straits Settlements.

For the ninth year in succession K.L.G. plugs have been used by the winner of the King's Cup Air Race; this is further evidence of their efficiency and reliability. Miss Winifred Brown, the winner, who also took the Siddeley Trophy, was using K.L.G. plugs in her Cirrus 111-engined Avro-Avian, and Mr. A. S. Butler, flying a Gipsy-engined D.H. Moth, who took second place and put up the fastest time for the course, was also K.L.G. equipped.



LADY HALLEWELL ROGERS

The wife of Sir Hallewell Rogers, D.L., J.P., deputy chairman of the Birmingham Small Arms Company, Ltd., in her new Daimler Twenty coupé

Messrs. J. A. Stevens, Ltd., the sole concessionaires for Bosch products in Great Britain, inform us that the world-famous Bosch magnétos were fitted to the first five cars in the Irish International Grand Prix held in Phoenix Park, Dublin, recently. The details of the first five cars are as follows—1st, Mercedes; 2nd, Alfa Romeo; 3rd, Mercedes; 4th, Bentley; 5th, Mercedes.



The holiday you have earned

Do you want long, strenuous days on the hills, with that glorious feeling of healthy fatigue to follow? Or shall it be sea-bathing? Or a quiet life by the river?

Even if you don't make up your mind till the last minute, you are still free to choose where you will spend your holiday, still certain of enjoyment and comfort—sure of economy, too—with an Eccles Caravan.

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Fully equipped and specially staffed.

AN URGENT
APPEAL IS
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For a new Radiological Block and other extensions which will add 80 Beds to the Hospital, and

Also
for
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The Cancer Hospital

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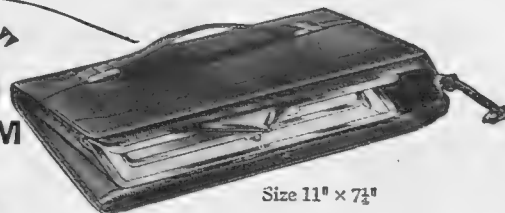
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The most modern and the best clientele.KNOCKE-ZOUTE. CLARIDGE'S HOTEL.
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Every possible comfort. Close to Golf and Tennis. Best situation in Le Zoute.LE TOUQUET — HOTEL REGINA
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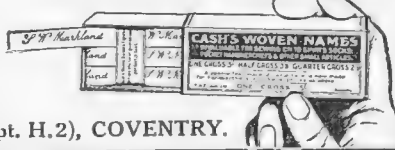
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Have you ever noticed that your skin never gets bronzed indoors, no matter how fine the weather? Yet a few days in the open gives you the bronzed skin that is the outward sign of new blood and vigorous health. The invisible health rays in daylight—the ultra-violet rays—cannot pass through ordinary window-glass. Those who live indoors never know real health. They suffer from anæmia, colds and influenza because they have no powers of resistance.

But now you can have outdoor health in your own home by fitting "Vita" Glass in your windows. "Vita" Glass is the modern window-glass that brings the health rays indoors. Hospitals and schools use it. Offices, factories and private persons are fitting "Vita" Glass to restore natural health to those who live and work indoors.

"Vita" Glass now costs only 1/- to 1/9 per square foot according to size. You can fit it in an average sized window for about 30/- plus the cost of fixing.

Open up your home to health, fit "Vita" Glass in your nursery and living rooms so that you and your children can enjoy bronzed health all the year round. Send the coupon for particulars. Get "Vita" Glass from your local glass merchant, plumber, glazier or builder.

DO YOU KNOW?

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"Vita" Glass is the only British window-glass that lets in the health rays (the ultra-violet rays) of daylight. Ordinary window-glass shuts out these rays completely. You can always identify "Vita" Glass because each pane is branded in the corner with the word VITA to ensure that it is genuine. The properties of "Vita" Glass are guaranteed permanent.

Should it be fitted in all windows?

"Vita" Glass may be fitted in all windows where daylight enters directly from the sky. Don't put it in inside partitions, basement windows or windows that open on to narrow passages where only reflected light is available.

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Yes. The ultra-violet rays are present in all skyshine and cloudshine. There are more health rays in a room fitted with "Vita" Glass on a dull November day than in a room fitted with ordinary window-glass on the brightest day in summer.

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Fit "VITA" GLASS and live in health



"Vita" is the registered Trade Mark of Pilkington Brothers, Limited, St. Helens.

Please send me the booklet, "Health Through Your Windows," with full particulars and Reduced Prices of "Vita" Glass.

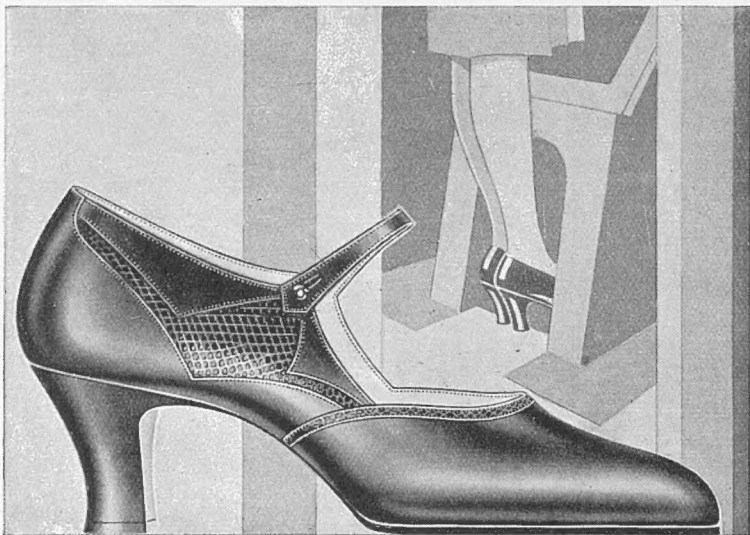
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size and send pencil
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Can be had with Driped or best
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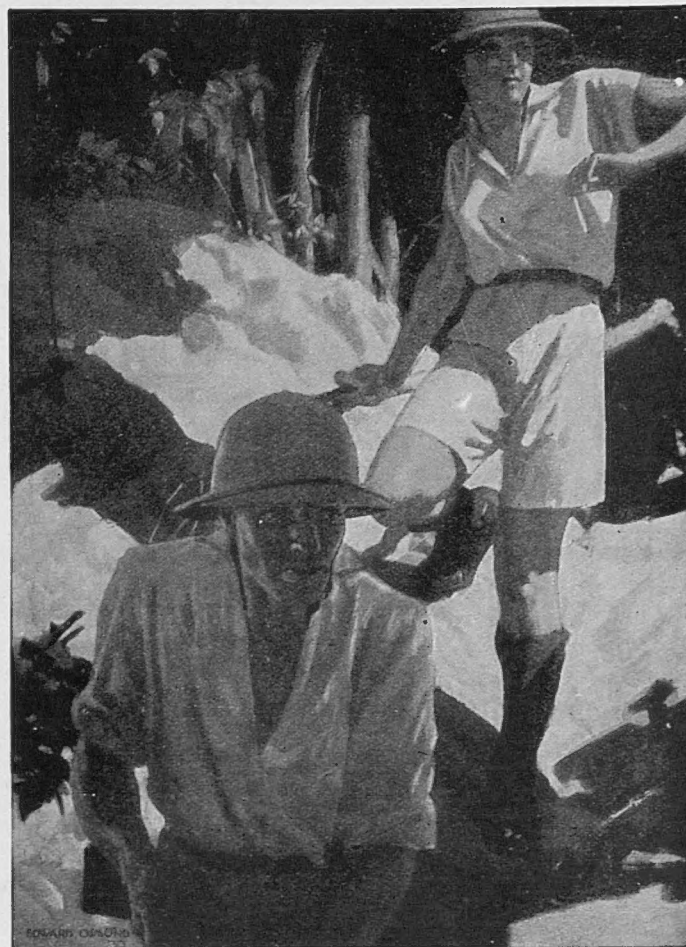


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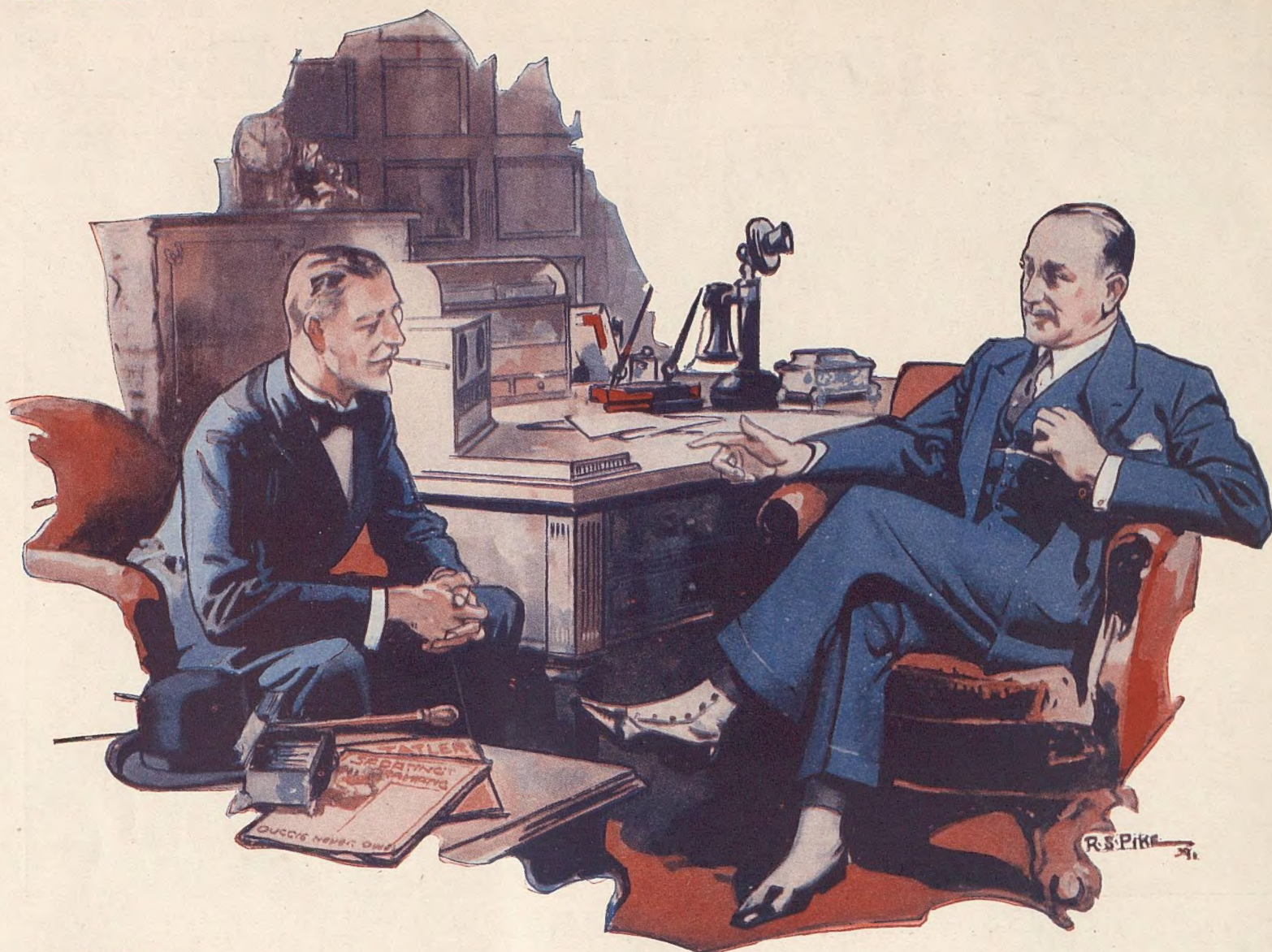
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Duggie explains -

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Sir Edward: "I suppose, Stuart, that in your long association with backers of horses you could relate many strange incidents."

Duggie: "Yes, Sir Edward, both lucky ones and *vice versa*."

Sir Edward: "One doesn't care much about 'bad luck' tales, but it would be interesting to know which, in your opinion, is the best 'good luck' story."

Duggie: "I think that Lord Freind's £40,000 double on LEONIDAS and SHAUN GOILIN is easily the most extraordinary."

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Duggie: "Why, I sent his Lordship his cheque on settling day and he arrived post haste next day to tell me I had made a mistake and sent him £20,000 too much."

Sir Edward: "But if he backed the double to win £40,000, surely the amount you sent him was quite correct?"

Duggie: "From my point of view it was, but not from his!"

Sir Edward: "What was his point of view?"

Duggie: "It appears he had decided to hedge half his bet, and wired me instructions to that effect."

Sir Edward: "So that, after all, he was only entitled to £20,000?"

Duggie: "No, that's the 'good luck' part of the incident. He omitted to sign his wire, and as I had no idea from whom it came, I couldn't carry out his instructions."

"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious.

"Duggie" is Waiting to Open an Account with You.

Douglas Stuart

"Stuart House," Shaftesbury Avenue, London.